



THE IDEALIST

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THE IDEALIST

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BY HENRY T. KING
AUTHOR OF THE
EGOTIST, ESSAYS, &c



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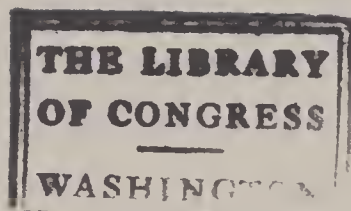
PHILADELPHIA

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY

1892

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PREFACE.

THIS book is abrupt; the word often harsh; the sentence sometimes rude and broken, and, tried by the grammarian's rules, not always "correct." Yet the style, the choice of the word, the structure of the sentence is mine, and best expresses my thought. I know of no statute which declares the true use of the English language; no author, who holds it in trust. It is free to every man to use as best fits his purpose.

I will not say I have been guided alone by my own conscience in my writing; that expression is trite and stale, and when spoken generally false; besides, it has a nasal twang I abhor. It suits my taste better to say I have consulted my own judgment. As to that which I have already written, bitter criticism has been consoled by loving approval. The one I try to forget, the other I cherish. I will not say I care not whether the reader approves or is pleased; that would not be true; yet I have not thought of either in my meditations. A writer traverses an unknown sea; he may reach dry land, or he may be wrecked,—wrecked upon the rock of silence, and his work go to the bottom unnoticed and unknown, or he may

reach the shore to meet the cutting winds of criticism, a savage armed, not with the poisoned arrow, but with the venom-pointed pen; the more deadly weapon. No approval of what he has already done gives the writer absolute confidence; he still feels his book a venture. Some critics seem angry with the author, as though he had done the writer of the criticism a personal wrong in publishing. I accuse such critics of envy, or feel sure that they have been wounded. The writer's thrust has pierced their panoply of self-esteem, and their cry is of the wounded, and not the shout of the victor.

The personal allusions are mostly for the purpose of showing that I have been an actor, not a dreamer. I am not weak enough to suppose that my readers will think any better of me for anything I may write of myself, though I may easily make them think less. It is a great comfort to talk of one's self. I know of no more self-pleasing topic, but prudence bids me forbear.

I have determined to call my book "The Idealist." I could think of no better title. He who differs from the majority of men is called an idealist. Much that I have written does not accord with popular opinion. And my ideals would not be popular men and women. I have tried to sketch their contour as they have flitted through my fancy, sometimes in joyous measure, but oftener to sad strains. They are disappointing. I do not love them. I have read of but one whose loved model took life, and I think the end

was sadness. If we could clothe the shadows of our imagination with mortality they would deceive and mock us. It is better to dwell in the ideal, to float upon the surface, than to dive into the deep waters. Blessed are the children of the sun who dance in his beams, and slumber when the night comes.

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THE PRELUDE.

THIS book has been written and table of contents prepared, and as yet I have not found for it a name. I abhor a false title as I do a false sentiment, and I dread a second-hand title. I do not think there is anything second-hand in the book, and I do not wish the title-page to be an exception. I feel sure I have plundered no mental clothes-line or stolen any mind's garb. I might have obtained handsomer garments by marauding than by spinning and weaving. But I have tried to spin and I have tried to weave my own fabrics, and to put upon them my trade-mark. Though I do not care who plunders me, he pays me a compliment, and he will be found out. I will find a name. I do not care that it shall be "catching." I want an honest, durable name, and if I can invent it, one that shall be an index of my work. One that shall not give the reader cause to say I have deceived him.

Perhaps most of my readers will be surprised at the freedom with which I write, that I seem to conceal so little. In truth, I am not afraid of my fellow-man. I know no reason why I should be. That which I reveal he will find in his own heart, though he thinks he covers it. If he does not find it there, then he may be surprised to find it in me, and be

surprised that I have told it. There is no place for concealment in this world; we are found out. We are known as we little suppose we are. Having made up my mind to this, I have had no fear in writing. I felt that no revelation would astonish the reader, save as he would be astonished that I should reveal it. I think I know my field, and I have not strayed from it.

It would be to my interest, to my peace, to my reputation, if I had kept silent where I have spoken, or have spoken in a different tone. If I offend, so let it be. I have not written to offend, though I doubt not but I shall. It has been said that I lack modesty. I admit it. As modesty is understood, I do not possess it and do not desire it. I make no man my model. None are fit for models. The flaw can always be seen. This remark will anger some men,—men who think they are models. And we have them among us. Their statues would embody the thought of self-sufficiency. I will here repeat that I do not write from suggestions I receive from reading, unless it be to deny or contradict, and this I do but seldom. It is the suggestion of the incidents of real life which I record. Sometimes I forbear, because I would too vividly show the prompters of my reflections. They might be recognized. I wish to avoid personality. I do not wish to draw a portrait, which, though left without a name, will be known by any one. I cannot help surmises and conjectures, which will generally be erroneous; but I will avoid certainties. It is the principles of human

action, as suggested by the actors, I wish to point out, not to paint the portraits of the actors. I am not a portrait-painter, though I may draw some of the lineaments. I shall not group them. I shall not put the features together to make a known face.

I have no quotation padding. Who is the writer that treads not upon another's heels, who touches not another's elbow, who never steps into another's footprints? He cannot but cross one of the countless paths other men's feet have marked. Thought must needs jostle thought. There are stars in the firmament of thought its ouranography has not yet marked; and that writer does much who can add one gem, though he does not discover the source of each bright ray his map points out. He may write with eyes dimmed by emotion; with a purpose which has in it not one grain of self, and yet be deemed cold and misanthropic. If he see an iceberg, must he not warm because the sun glistens upon it? He knows that its brightness is delusive, must he, then, say that it is the glow of heat which lights it up? Is this giving men "good cheer"? It has been said I bring men no "good cheer"; that I add to no man's strength. My purpose is to attack the wrongs I see. It is my purpose to make men feel uncomfortable, if tearing off their false faces will do it, and I am not to be deterred by the reproach of bitterness. The man who has no bitterness has never felt but for himself. And I will not gloss it over, or adopt the cant of saying I only condemn the wrong. I despise

the man. I do not separate the man from his hypocrisy and greed. He has fattened upon them. I enter no lists. I issue no challenge. I seek no controversy. That which I write must be its own defence or it must fall. I shall not turn back to defend it. My writings have met with a favor I never hoped for. They have been found more worthy than I deemed them. They have struck a responsive chord in noble souls, whose commendations are as sweet melody to my ear. In the little I have written I have all my treasure; earth's value to me is found there. All else has died. The night of forgetfulness is upon it. This too may perish; but I have tried to put it in the vaults of the more enduring trust company. A few years and my tongue will be silent; then I hope my printed page will yet speak. This too may be a delusion, a hope without basis. Yet have I toiled for it. I have tried to show the manner of man I am. All men believe they are misunderstood. None believe justice has been done them. In part this may be true, though not to the extent of vanity's complaint. Earth's immortality, an abiding-place among men, is no gift; it is the fruit of toil. Many a noisy trumpet will be forever silenced in death, while the written thoughts, unheeded by the mob, will speak to the chosen ones through the long years of futurity. In another book I have written of the fleeting reputation of my profession. Of the slight impress its work makes upon time's journals. I have told how great abilities are covered by dark-

ness and oblivion. To the novitiate the fame seems great; to the emeritus, ashes.

This prelude does not tell the story of the book or give its outlines. It gathers up the broken sentences, the wandering, vagabond thoughts, which have no other resting-place.

I have not painted a screen to hide the flame of anger which the triumph of craft and cunning kindles in the breast of every thinking man. Nor yet is that flame, but jets of gas through painted wood. It is not a counterfeit. I have brought what fagots I could. I have laid them on the pile.

I write of to-day, not of yesterday; of the living, not of the dead; of the awake, not of the slumbering. Rubbish is worthless, whether ancient or modern. Dust does not give value. An acquaintance once stopped me on the street and asked me "why Cæsar crossed the Rubicon?" My answer was more curt than patient,—that I was concerned with living men, not with dead Cæsars.

I have not thought it necessary to note every qualification or possible exception to my assertions. Exceptions weaken. If I break down one wall of the fortress of error, truth may enter. It is not necessary that I shall batter its four walls. If the plant is baleful, I need not hesitate to pull it up because the harmless violet nestles beneath it. If I wish to destroy a counterfeit note, I need not hesitate to tear it because it has a good man's portrait upon it. Truth need not make apologies or stop to

courtesy to error. Its path is direct; it knows no oblique lines. A "learned" book must of necessity give the thoughts of others. A "learned" man is a man who has a large store of the opinions of other men. He may not have the slightest original power. The most "learned" men have done the least for the world. In my student days I was told of a lawyer who could recite Blackstone's Commentaries, yet he was only the collector of petty accounts. Learning enables a man to collect and copy, not to originate. The "learned" legal argument cites authorities; it need not be living thought. That writer who gives a thought, or who presents it in a new light, makes an addition to the world's thought. The merely "learned" writer makes none. He has taken some stones out of the wall already built and put them in another part of it. He has not added to its cubic feet. He who brings one stone and places it on the wall increases it. Learning is for the man's self. He cannot give it to others; it is not his to give. Others may get where he did. His own thought he may distribute. His basket is filled with fruit from orchards he did not plant; from gardens where all may pluck. The diligent may become "learned"; but no diligence can bring a new thought. Learning digs; if it sows, it is with stolen seed. Learning is the work of those who have gone before, and the "learned" writer repeats it. Learning is of the past; it hinders as well as helps.

I make no doubt it will be said that I make strange

utterances for singularity; that I attack received opinions in wantonness and presumption. All this I anticipate. I will not say I do not regard it. I care not how violent the storm may rage, how bitter the denunciation I may invoke, but I do care if any reader shall believe that I am writing intrusive paradoxes. My range of vision may be narrow; but within it I think I see clearly. My mind or temper is such that I have no respect for "authority." "Authority" is the work of man. I am a man; and no other man has the right to dominate over me. "My mind a kingdom is." There I reign. I share no divided empire. I ask to rule no other. I ask to influence no other, save by the "truth that is in me." I do not wish to extend my empire by the force of authority. It is my right to offer, it is the reader's to receive or reject. I would join hands with my kindred in the world of thought, not to rule over them, but to obtain their sympathy and love. Our true kindred may not be of our blood. The soul has stronger bands than blood. To such I would indite a loving epistle. We may never touch each other's hands, yet the hand which writes this stretches out. This night, as I write, my heart softens; it seeks for love. To my mind comes the question of my purpose in writing. Will it bear the inquiry of life's closing hour? If I thought a page would not, I should tear it out. Yet I cannot answer. My mind may now be clouded with passion, which will be lifted up as life passes away. I may then regret—

regret with the bitterness of unavailing sorrow. Of all this have I thought; but it seemed true as I wrote; and I have no other guide. I make no invocation. God will not change his laws at my call. If I have truly read them, all will be well. If I have mistaken them, it is for want of light.

The historian has his records, the man of science his experiments, the law-writer his cases; but I have no book of reference save Worcester's Dictionary when hesitation makes me doubt my spelling of a word. I have never been able to command a thought, to call for it, and have it come. Like wild-birds thoughts fly through my brain, and I must have my net spread to catch them, or they are gone. I have no tamed ones cooped up to furnish a repast to offer my readers. They are ever flying; sometimes I but see the tips of their wings as they disappear, and then my table has but dishes,—words and no thought. I never confine myself to the main road if I think I see a more attractive path. I scale the hedge of continuity, and follow that path far from the open highway, perchance never to return to it. I do not promise to keep to any road. I reserve the right to chase every butterfly I see; to scratch my hands, to pluck each flower, though it grows among briers. Stupidity may be orderly; it generally is. My reader may be as erratic as I am; if so, we will join hands and wander, and let stupidity sit on the fence and pity us. Then will we laugh and mock that wisdom which is always serious.

It is better to answer than sneer ; to point out the error than to take shelter behind the charge of envy. Men think they are envied when they only excite derision and contempt. Let no man whose follies are pointed out think that envy guided the pen. No sane man envies the counterfeit, the sham, the pretender, and the genuine and true give no room for ridicule and satire.

A secret of writing is to get on, to move forward ; not to waste strength in weighing words and balancing sentences until the thought is lost. Many who can talk well cannot write. The pen benumbs them. The pen is cold ; it gives no applause ; and that the speaker needs, or his words freeze on his lips. Criticism will object that I have no stem around which my thoughts cling, no branch upon which my thoughts hang, as grapes cluster and fruit grows. I have no cultivated vineyard ; the fruit I gather grows along the highways which the feet of man tread. It is not as round and fair as the hot-house products or those of the well-tilled fields, but it has flavor of its own. It will not suit all palates ; they who feed on intellectual dainties may not be pleased. Then the thought is dropped, as the thread of a careless weaver, to be picked up in a subsequent page. This will make uneven cloth ; indeed, it will leave the piece unfinished, for the thread joins another fabric. All this is true. I am just that careless a workman ; and my work must be of just that less value. I shall put upon the reader the burden of joining the pieces

together. Perchance the pieces will not fit, one thought will not agree with another thought; then have I imposed upon the reader a task I could not successfully perform; and the duty is upon me, if it be a duty. Yet the instruments we have for discovering the truth are faulty. We are near-sighted, and sometimes blind,—blind from passion and prejudice. We see but one side of truth, then again we think we see another; thus are our writings inconsistent. He only is always consistent who sees but one side. We may truly portray life as seen from one mountain of vision; yet if we stood upon the hill yonder, we would see a strange difference. A young girl once asked me whether we should always speak the truth, whether deception was never justifiable. There seemed to be but one answer. Yet her queries as to exceptions were not so easily answered. The query whether the inquirer is always entitled to the truth may admit of doubt. For the practical purposes of life such inquiries are of no value. I question the value of deception as I question the value of war, and do not believe that any permanent good has ever come to man from either. Both may present a shorter road, but truth and peace lead by a safer and better way.

A sentence of power has claws, sharp and strong, which fasten in the memory. If it glides along, taking no hold, it is weak; still, it may be a serpent leaving slime in its track.

THAT WHICH SOOTHES THE WRITER.

IN the ambitious projects of my youth, in its schemes and deceiving visions, a book written by me never appeared in my hopes or my dreams. It would have given me great joy if I had thought myself capable of one. Yet here I am writing a third book. I looked to my profession and to public life for all of the honor I could achieve, for all of the good I could do. Both are unsatisfying,—the one in its results, the other in its methods and results. I know that which I have written has brought both strength and comfort; that there are readers who care to read that which I have written. That knowledge has filled my mind with a peace, a content which no other labor has given me. I know of no flattery so soothing as to have your words quoted by others, to know that your thoughts are interwoven with the thoughts of your readers. It renews our youth to have the young imbibe and live over our recorded experience.

THE PLAYER AND THE PIPE.

THE soul plays upon the brain as the player upon the reed. The breath is the same ; yet sometimes it is music, then discord. Is it the fault of the player or of the pipe ? It is the instrument which is in fault. Its defect or perfection produces vice or good. The breath which brings forth the sound is unsullied.

MUST WE HAVE A BELIEF?

I WRITE for no creed or belief, yet do I mock none. I respect every man's effort for a higher life. I can see in no sincere form of worship food for mirth or ridicule, though I may for sadness when I think I see delusion or deception. My plea is not for unbelief, but for belief in the truth.

Must we believe something? Must we have some creed, some form of worship? We are to believe in the truth, not falsehood. There is no gain in believing falsehood. And we must know it is true before we are called upon to believe. It is considered a reproach to be without a belief; it is a greater reproach to profess to believe when we do not. Men have always tried to force their dogmas, creeds, and speculations upon other men. To accomplish this they have threatened and persecuted. They have persecuted not because men did wrong, but because they believed wrong,—that is, refused the belief of the persecutor. Personal abuse and detraction have taken the place of the stake and the fire, but the spirit of persecution remains. Ostracism supplies destruction.

Nor yet should men believe falsehood till truth

appear, or be made manifest, for the sake of having a belief. Falsehood is no benefiting companion. Her company comforts not, protects not. She can only bring sorrow and lead to destruction. She is not innocent. Nothing but truth is innocent. There are no harmless delusions. No one is deceived into a better life. And no man is to be abused because he chooses to wait. Conquest and force teach not. Man is intolerant. He allows no difference of opinion. He never reasons if he can strike. When he does reason, it is not an answer he seeks; it is acceptance. Yet it is not wisdom to sow doubts if we are not sure certainties will spring up. Man is only groping. And, as blind men, we should forbear if we run against each other in our search for truth.

In conclusion, I repeat that truth does not need the crutches of delusion, mystery, or fable. Intelligence is not to keep ignorance in order by teaching that which intelligence does not believe. Lasting order cannot be obtained by falsehood. The conquering army of order is marshalled by truth.

THE BEST LIFE LEAVES THE LEAST.

THE kindest life leaves the least. It leaves a fragrance, nothing more. Injustice to the living creates the "charity" of the "last will and testament." The cement which joins the marble of its building is made from human tears. If we knew how the vast fund was gathered we would see misery in every million. Man's debt is to the living. He owes none to the unborn. To him they are the dead. It is the toil of the living which has heaped up his wealth. It is the living who have brought him comfort. Whatever he has had of joy, they gave it. It is they who have the only claim upon him. To them it is a duty, to the other a gift. We cannot withhold from the living without wrong; we may have nothing for the future without injustice. Human pride revolts at the taint of charity, and such every human being feels it to be who has its badge upon him. We see only the charity child, who is happy in its ignorance, who knows not how heavy in after-years the recollection of this charity will be.

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THE SNOWS OF WINTER UPON THE PAGE.

AS we grow older the power to write in certain directions dries up. Do other powers take their place? Surely a more accurate view of life is given. We are less likely to be deceived. We better know the human heart, and, alas! I fear we think the less of it. We have more of pity, less of admiration. Does not the suggestiveness dry up? The topics become scarcer. The world does not impress as it did. There is a lack of vividness. The step is surer, because the writer seeks for firmer ground. The world needs the writings of both. Age is not always impressed with the writings of years, and youth is not repelled by the thoughts of experience. The head with the garlands of youth upon it will bend in rapture over the book from which she shakes the snows of life. It is not chilling to her. The old do not love the falling snow. It seems to drop upon their tombs. Joyous youth alone sees beauty in it. The young can bear spoken truth better than the aged. They fear less the face of sorrow or death. If I could, I would write only for the young. I care not to write for the old. Yet I repent me of that sentence. If I can give age a joy, will I not do it? Surely I will, and it will make my own heart gladder.

The breath of the young is sweet, and therefore we love the incense of it. The young will bring flowers, sing joyous songs, and dance with light feet. Age cannot. These rewards mark the approval of the young. If a book contain one new thought, that book is worthy to have been written. Nay, if it contain an old thought in a new and attractive dress, oblivion may not carry it off. We think the taste for fantastic titles is peculiar to our own age. Yet it is not so. Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," writes: "However, it is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold, for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will tarry and stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece." This was written more than two and a half centuries ago. The complaint is still the same. Booksellers must have "catching" titles, because the gullible readers can only be caught by that sort of bait. Thus we have strange, impious, and impure titles. The writer who is true to his fellow-men will not give the child of his imagination a name which it is a shame for it to bear. Nor will he write that which is worthy such a name. The fantastic titled books of Burton's day have not come down to us. They have been lost, as will be their counterfeits of the present day. Why is it that some of the most loathsome fiction of our times has been written by women? Who can answer the question? I will not comment upon the fact.

THE TORTURE OF ACCUMULATION.

THE torture of accumulation is its uncertain tenure. It must be yielded up. It fears all, because it knows not who may want a part. I have seen the man of wealth shrink from his fellow-men, for they might seek loans or gifts. I have seen him grow smaller as his possessions grew larger; more lonely, as his deeds and shares and bonds piled around him. No fortress of stone ever shut out the enemy as these walls of paper shut out humanity.

Great fortunes are never obtained by the higher faculties of the human soul; always by the lowest; seldom innocent; mostly grovelling and debasing. No man grows better as he grows richer.

THE STORY OF EDEN.

THE story of the Garden of Eden is founded upon the depths of human experience; woman suffers not only for her own sins, but for man's. Let any woman truly tell the story of her life, and if she has passed her youth but one step, it is a tale of sorrow. A deep melancholy is at the bottom of her heart. Man has hope; woman seems to have none. Therefore is her eye more fixedly set on the world beyond. Therefore does she live in her children, and forgets herself as no man will or can. The joy of her youth is mostly gratified vanity,—the incense that comes from admiration. Every man thinks when a woman admires him she shows her good sense; it is only when she admires another man that she shows her folly.

ROMANCE LIVES NOT WITH CONTENT.

CONTENT grows fat and smothers Romance. Juliet spoke her words of love from the balcony, with the stars for witnesses. Comfort digs the grave of Love, though it may build the home of affection. Love needs bolts and bars. It hates the open door when opened by another hand, and the closed door when another shuts it. Plenty writes the prose of life; need, its poetry. It is for this that romancists have found so fertile a field in the Gypsies' life. The sweetest stories of the opera are founded upon it.

As the bird has wings, so will it fly. It cannot creep. So the winged soul would fly. The "good" of earth contents it not. The impulse of the human soul, which we call romance, is the fluttering of its wings as it tries to soar above the earth. Its wings are too weak; it flutters and falls.

HATE HAS NO STATUTE OF LIMITATIONS.

HATE has no statute of limitations. Man's laws, more politic than his memory, are merciful, and bar actions and stop indictments by the lapse of time; but no time bars hate or the memory of wrong. They live to follow him whom the bankrupt court has freed or the statute of limitations protects. Laws cannot change, though they may check the vengeful recollection. Hate is immortal, though law may forgive. The law stays the hand; but it does not change the heart which asks why should it forgive? Time does not cure the wrong. It may deepen the poverty which the wrong produced. Statutes of limitation are politic, not just. They are said to be "statutes of repose." They hide the tumult; they do not calm it. Wrongs become traditions, the heir-looms of families; not calmed by time, but magnified by it. Nature will not be forced. Memory will remain though the statute-book speaks repose.

WOMAN'S MONEY.

NO man gains by woman's money when it comes over the altar. It shames and paralyzes; it deforms and cripples. It is a weight to crush, not wings to bear upward. It puts cords on his limbs and bands on his arms. It dampens exertion and destroys self-respect. It carries contempt with it. The honors which it may force soon perish, for they are placed upon his head, not bound by his own hands. The world sneers as it sees him borne aloft by it, for it deems it neither of him nor of his blood.

A wife's money makes the servitor and the dwarf. A man must dominate or be dwarfed. If he serves, he cannot walk erect. The imprisoned spirit will shrivel, be the walls of stone or gold.

FREE LIBRARIES PAUPERIZING CHARITY.

ONE of the forms by which vanity proposes to pauperize the people is by founding free libraries. This country does not need them. The want is not the book, but the reader. The man who desires a good book will find a way to get it by his own industry. He will reject it as a gift. Such a library may circulate fiction and its poison, but it will not circulate good books.

Make a library free, and you close its doors to the self-respecting. After degrading the toiler by narrow wages do not further degrade him by "charities." Be just, and you will have but little to leave for pauperizing "charity." We would see this land covered with homes and not with vast buildings called "charities,"—institutions where the vanity of the founder has provided means to sap all that is noble from the human heart, and to brand the forehead with the crushing word "charity." Not the charity of which Paul writes, but the charity by which vanity decks the products of greed and oppression.

THE KING OF DROSS.

HE never dried a tear. He caused many, not by his death, but by his life. Nothing died with him, for his personality had no value. He took with him only his shroud and coffin. The spot of earth which covers him will in time be planted over; so that will not be lost. No man grasped his hand unless he thought he touched gold in the palm. Death did that which man could not do,—it opened that hand. His house had the gloom of a dungeon, for there was no friendly greeting heard within its walls. He suspected every man, and perhaps with justice, for he knew he had won no love.

HURT SELF.

IT is the cry of wounded self-love we utter, when we think it is only its ugly manifestation in others, which the self-valuing are manifesting, that we are condemning. He has put himself above us. This is his true offence; and in his self-admiration and self-love has forgotten us. We think we are putting down unwarranted self-assertion, when we are only raising up prostrated and wounded self-love. It is self which shakes the finger of admonition and councils humility. Many a good man's warning would not have been given, save that he thought he was forgotten. The offender has forgotten our superiority and asserted his own. His self-assertion implies superiority, and that we cannot forgive. It is our pride which needs reduction, and not his presumption. In the bottom of many a homily wounded self wriggles. Many a denunciation is sharpened by the pain of hurt self-love.

I heard a pastor tearfully and bitterly condemning the younger portion of his flock. I inquired the cause, and found it had no just basis. It was his self-love which had been stricken, and so the condemned felt it, and so they resented it. They had

forgotten, or refused to consider him their master. They consulted their own judgments. He did not know that it was mortified self, and not true counsel, which spoke. If self was reduced the volume of advice would be reduced to the increased value of the advice. Self muddies the water, which to be good should be clear.

THE DREAMER AND THE ACTOR.

THE man of action follows the man of thought. The man of thought points the way. They call him a dreamer; yet follow him. A critic, in commenting upon something I had written, says, I have a contempt for "literary men" or, as they are otherwise called, "men of letters." I have disclaimed the title of a literary man, perhaps very unnecessarily. I divide useful men not as men of action and men of letters, but I change the latter appellation to men of thought. Letters, unless they express thoughts, are meaningless signs.

As a pursuit "letters" produce but little. No man can command thought, but the "man of letters" may command words. Thoughts burst from their hiding-place; words may be called. Thought has no master; words are slaves. If the "man of letters" does not wait upon thought before he writes, his writings are valueless. And in the active world, not in the closet, is thought to be found. Other men's thoughts are there; your own in the marts of life. Thinkers indeed! To think you must move; you must touch humanity,—not look at it through a glass. I have before said that he who writes for

bread has not time to wait upon thought. Thought may come to him, but it often hides, and refuses to be bidden. The writer must have time to gather fresh chips, if he would light a fire which will warm the reader's heart. He cannot build a fire from an empty basket. He will get but dust if he continue to rake among the ashes of burned-out fires. He must have newly-cut chips.

THE TEAR NOT THE ARGUMENT.

REASON may drive out a religious belief; it can never lead to one. Reason makes apostates, not converts. It cannot reach the spiritual world. Childish remembrance or touched emotions can alone do that. It is the tear, not the argument, which moves. The cry from the heart of the sin-laden reaches and touches the cords of the soul, which move not to the hand of controversy. Argument stops the ear which love opens. There is more in the song than the sermon, in the sigh of the broken heart than in the clash of creeds. Reason never spread a creed; force or sentiment alone makes proselytes. We may reason of that which we can see and touch, but the invisible communes only with the invisible, responds only to that which is beyond reason. Appeal to the eye, the ear, the emotions, to prejudice or to hate, to interest, if you would make converts to a creed, never to reason. I cannot believe any man has ever been reasoned out of the creed of his childhood through the arguments of another creed. Reason may lead him to abandon it, but never to adopt another. It is the heart, not the head, which makes religious converts. By the heart I

mean the centre of the emotions; by the head, the seat of reason. Nothing is more wearisome than to hear a man attempt to prove the truth of his creed. The unchanging laws of right and wrong may be proved; beliefs, never. Therefore all forms of religious belief have need to call upon faith; faith which excludes reason. I was about to write human reason, but that would be cant. We know no reason save human reason. We can comprehend no other, if it was "revealed" to us. We have a revelation, but we must turn the eye inward to read it. It is written on the soul. It is there God writes. He does not write with the pen or in books, and He has commissioned no man to write for Him. I decline to take any man's interpretation of His will. He gave me to see, and I will look with my own eyes. I abhor the mental slavery in which men have tried to bind their fellow-men; chains stronger than ever forged from iron. It is terrible to me to see the efforts men are making to encircle their fellow-men by dogmas as with a flame of fire, by creeds which bind and cut. It is a presumption which to me is incomprehensible. They undertake to speak for God, and tell us His will. No wonder their speech differs, and that their conflicts have drenched the earth with blood. God demands no man's blood. The cry of the tortured gratified cruel men; it could not please God. His will never demanded force. And no war which this world has ever seen was fit to be prayed over. It is impossible that it should have benefited

man. God never asked His servants to bring Him blood. Human blood can dye no crown of glory. Man's blood is sacred. A willing soldier cannot be a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. It may be that the teachings of the Nazarene are too high for a man; that man cannot reach them. Sure it is he never has reached them. The Christian has no "god of battles:" that god perished with the gods of Mount Olympus, and struck his tent with the camp of the Israelites. He blesses no Christian banner of war. Kneeling troops mock the Christian's God. They cannot worship Him.

MEN'S SPEECHES OF THE LIVING AND OF THE DEAD.

THE living are better than men's speeches; the dead did not equal them. Envy distorts the one, pity exaggerates the other. If the living lawyer could have the reputation in life the speeches of his brethren give him in death, he would not lack clients or fees. The community learn of his ability when they can no longer employ him. Had they heard in time to test it, they would have found it mostly false.

THE FLECK OF SUNSHINE.

I STOOPED to pick a fleck off my clothing. It moved. It was a spot of sunshine. By the movement I lost it. I did not know it was sunshine till it was gone. The sunshine goes out of the house. It was not recognized till darkness came.

THE NARROWING OF ONE STUDY.

AN illustration of the narrowing influence of devotion to a single study is the deep interest an old lawyer takes in some point of law which scarce rises above a technicality,—one which can have no influence for good upon humanity and is of no importance in settling men's rights or checking wrong; a question which a few more revolutions of reason and experience will consign to everlasting forgetfulness; yet, to our cobweb friend, its threatened overthrow, or the slow but sure departure from it, is a matter of deepest moment. He will tell you that in such a case it first was doubted, and in another denied. He will call the judge hard names who first questioned it, and he will deplore the danger of its final uprooting and extinction. Perhaps the judge let in a little light from the world beyond the veil which artificial law had drawn. He may have used a little natural reasoning, overthrowing some non-natural reasoning. His ruling may not injure a human being; yet to the lawyer who has toiled to know this principle, as he calls it, which it has trenched upon or overthrown, it seems as though some right of the people had been taken away. To him the law is an

abstraction, a problem, a science, and not a granary of stored principles to be taken from, added to, and used as human affairs require. We are pained to find our "learning" useless,—to have the progress of human thought and the result of human experience reduce it to idle words. Much that was thought law "learning" when I was a student is in the law's waste-basket now, and justice is the gainer by it. It simply blocked the way to the knowledge of the truth, yet I have no doubt there are musty souls who mourn its loss. They wish this dust to remain upon the law, and they abuse the work which has brushed it off, for there is not a speck of it which they do not deem sacred. Perhaps there are others who brush so violently as to tear the garment. Human law is not an abstraction for its professors to wrangle about; it is a thing of life for living men.

WHAT OUR FRIENDS WOULD GIVE US.

IF we got but that to which the world and our friends think we are entitled, our portion would be scant. The payment of their deservings would leave to us only the mouldy crumbs. Those who get more, snatch it, and the sense of the injustice of this spirit adds to grasping greed. "They would give me nothing; I will take all." And its very injustice spreads it like a plague. What would be a man's fate if his friends could marry him to one "who is good enough for him"? If they could bind upon him burdens which they think he ought to bear, how heavy would be his load? In either event he would have but one escape from utter woe,—the grave. It is this trait of our nature which makes most personal advice so valueless. The adviser thinks so little of us. His advice mortifies and creates resentment. Thus the pen advises better than the tongue, and the general counsel is more potent than the personal.

VIVISECTED AND DISSECTED.

ONE of the penalties of fame is to be vivisected and finally dissected,—to be weighed in false scales. The humble, rest ; the great are torn to pieces. Their character is the subject of angry, never-ending discussion. A great author frequently regrets that he did not stay in the humble place in which he was born, regrets that he ever wrote a line. His fame and influence brought him no compensation for the wounds his enemies gave him.

A certain President of the United States, who had been a teacher in his youth, told a delegation of teachers that the happiest period of his life was when he was a teacher. I have no doubt he felt it true, yet when he was a teacher he longed to escape it. It was youth he sighed for, not the ferule. He felt that his honors were tawdry in comparison with those the eye of youth saw. Bright youth, I regret thee when I hear the music of the dance and remember it plays no more for me. Nevermore will my feet beat time to thy joyous strains. When years come, men struggle to catch a phantom called fame. One joyous dance of youth is worth all such dreams.

Here I am to-night toiling, writing, and for what?

What is it to me if men and women read me? What is it to me if they do not? I but dream. There is no flesh and blood near me; no human eye looking over me. And the eye which reads this page I will not see. I feel like throwing down my pen and repeating, "All is vanity." Yet with strange inconsistency will I toil on, writing that which I hope men and women will read, and remember him who wrote it.

THE CYNIC.

WHO is the cynic? Not the indifferent man, who says all is well because it touches him not. He will not take the trouble to bark, so long as his house is not invaded. He will not snap at the intruder upon other men's rights. The cynic does not run with the mob, to be absorbed in it, to lose his identity. He who runs with the mob shows that he is but part of it. They shout because others shout; they condemn because others condemn. They make the food of tyrants. Is it cynicism to say that no man has the right to link his name with the renowned dead unless there be some bond between his life and their memory, unless his memory will be linked with theirs by his works? It is not for him to put up the stained glass or the carved memorial in his name if genius has not joined their names. Why should he who has never given to the world one thought associate his name with the dead whose thoughts yet live? Does his gold give him authority to do this? He cannot do it: his name will not entwine. He cannot honor the great dead. He must have written thought which will entwine with their thoughts. The dead cannot resent. The living would. He who

joins his name with the memory of the dead must be of the same spirit. None but those with souls akin must join living hands with the memories of the dead. What will be this intruder's monument? Will it be his works or purchased marble?

Some pity the dead because no marble marks the spot where their bones rest. The pity should be for those who need marble to keep the world from forgetting them. The great soul is not ennobled by the chiselled marble. Monuments are a detraction from true greatness. They speak as though they were needed to bar out oblivion. If there be no memory with the monument, the marble will not create or perpetuate it. Works, not carved stones, rescue the man from the night of the grave.

MORTIFIED VANITY IN SEEMING OBEDIENCE.

WHEN a public servant deems himself so wise as to be above criticism, that is just the time he needs it most, and he is sure to get it. It may come from an official superior, and bring anger with it, and resistance. He will not yield to the justice of the criticism, but will try and break its force by making false deductions from it. He will open the sluices of vice to show the public that his opinions shut the gates,—that it is his superiors who have opened them. But let him be assured the public will see mortified vanity peering through the seeming obedience. He is not a fair disputant who draws unwarranted deductions from his antagonist's premises. He is not a faithful official who falsely construes his superior's reversal of his acts, to make that superior odious in the eyes of the public. The odium will fall upon him who "perverts judgment."

IMMORTAL BY SATIRE.

SATIRE penetrates where reason only blunts its edge. It will go through that pride which wraps so close as to leave no aperture for reason to enter. It cuts its way. Reason often envelops in a fog, while satire is the sunshine which reveals. It is a dangerous weapon, for malice may sharpen it, and hatred unsheathe it. Satire finds more readers than wisdom, yet wisdom may lurk in satire and dulness surround wisdom. The public speaker who commands it will never want for a full house. Pleasure from the sight of pain did not die when the Roman amphitheatre ceased to drink human blood. He who would shrink from physical cruelty delights in the torture which satire inflicts. It gives power but hinders advancement. No man who has it but prizes it, though every shaft multiplies his enemies. He would rather be feared than loved. Satire will not let the victim die. Names live for scorn made immortal by satire.

THE BREATHED NAME.

NO man can tell why the public favor lifted him up, or why its forgetfulness obscured him. He simply awakes from a dream, and finds darkness around him where before was light. However bright the dream, he will awake to find it vanish out of his sight. The public knows him no more, though once his name was on every tongue. They but breathed his name, and the breath joined the surrounding air and was lost in it. The name dissipated. I speak of the name men give, not the name which work creates.

The spirit of the reader colors the writings. Where one reader sees self, another will see sadness. Where one sees bitterness, another will see but the sorrowful, yet true, portraiture of man. Where one sees hate, the other will see only the scorn of greed and oppression. One reader catches the step of the writer and walks easily with him, the other misunderstands him and lags behind. Envy blinds the eyes of one reader, while sympathy opens the understanding of the other. Blessed is that spirit which is free from envy,—that malignant critic. Envy prevents the approval of the friend who cannot forgive the success.

You write a book, you perform some work, and you look for approval, yet it comes not where you expected it. It comes from where you never turned the eye of expectation. It may come from where you expected depreciation, or, at best, indifference. But what a compensation for your toil when you find you have touched a heart and perhaps influenced a life that you knew not of when you wrote!

A friend of an author, himself a beautiful writer, called one day upon his friend, and said, "I threw your last book upon the table, the other morning, and when I came home in the evening I found my young daughter had been reading it with the greatest interest. She repeated to me passages from it, and asked me of the author." For she had no knowledge of him. He told her the story of the author as far as he knew it.

She had caught the very spirit of that writer, and as her appreciative criticisms reached his ear, it gave him a joy which no flattering comments from learned writers ever did. The fewer the years, the nearer to heaven, unless the spirit of childhood remains; and the lonely, sad writer prayed that sweet spirit might ever continue to dwell with her,—that the world might never take it from her.

AGE'S REFUGE.

WHEN a man or woman finally recognizes and acquiesces in the fact that they are "old," they have acquired a knowledge and taken a step of great moment to their comfort. It is the transition state, the uncertain stage, which is so uncomfortable when we think we are young and others know we are not,—for it is a discovery which the voyager, not the inhabitant, makes. It comes to us from information, not from intuition. We learn we are old from the lips of men, for we will not believe the voice of nature. Nature may speak loud, but we misinterpret her. Her voice may tell us the infirmity is permanent; vanity, self-delusion tell us it is but transitory. But the voice of men and the voice of nature must at last convince us we are "old." Then the struggle ceases, and we have quiet. I do not wish to write detraction, yet I doubt whether any woman ever admitted to herself that she was no longer personally attractive. This most absolute power, whose tyranny knows no rebels; its loss is death. Beauty and life acknowledge no destruction, for death is silent. The delusion that whispers into the ear of aged vanity, it is as strong, as lovely as it

ever was, fills the world with silly age,—the most wearisome of all life's stages. Foolish youth may grow wise ; witless age, never.

The world hurries us on to age ; it will not wait for years. Whenever a man speaks of another's age, he adds years. This is to lessen him, to intimate that for his years he should have done more. "Is it possible I look as old as he?" is the startled query. "Can I look as haggard as he?" Yes, my friend, years have left their stamp. You have not been a nursling in nature's arms. You are as other men. She has no pets. She may fondle for awhile, but she is impartial at last. Before I reached forty, I thought that the most hateful figure in life's history. Youth bidding a final farewell, and age stretching out its ugly hand. We refuse both. We will not part from the one ; we will not embrace the other. Yet we find retrospect darkening prospect. Work for others is age's refuge ; there alone will peace be found, work which will survive the grave.

WORSHIP FROM SELFISHNESS.

THE most selfish are often the most devout,—that is, most given to devotion. They worship to placate their Deity,—that he may do them no harm or do them good. Their selfishness fills them with fear for themselves, and their worship springs from it. They desire and assume that special care will be taken of them. They are cruel, exacting, hard, and oppressive to their fellow-men; but, then, they bow low the knee, and lift their eyes with reverence. Their bitterness to crime is because of some joy they think there is in it which they are losing. They hate the man whom they think is getting it. There is in them an appetite for evil which fear alone checks. Their religion is hate; and no punishment is too great for him who has the joy of sin. They have a taste for it, and they hate the man who revels where they would if they dare. If they are restrained by surroundings, or interest, or some other selfish motives, they are remorseless. They consider not weakness, lack of training and teaching; the criminal has tasted iniquity and they have not. They have lost a delight, and they would make equality by punishment. They rejoice to think the seed will bear a harvest. It was one of them who complained that the man of the eleventh hour likewise received a penny. They envy the sinner.

THE MARTYRS OF THOUGHT.

WHY is it we do not miss a person who has been long sick or who is dead? and should we reproach ourselves that we do not? We are told that he was long ill, and now he is dead. Then, for the first time, we call to mind that we had not seen him for a long time. Yet we respected, if we did not love, him. There is the test: we respected him, but we took no interest in him. When we met him we felt kindly to him, we spoke to him, passed him, and forgot him. Now that he is gone, we remember his smile was always cordial, his words friendly, and a pang of regret strikes us that we should have so utterly forgotten him. But should we condemn ourselves? Was there any reason why we should miss him? No: for there was nothing to suggest him to our minds. Our thoughts are occupied with matters which concern us. The passing acquaintance has no dwelling-place there. There was no link which joined this person with us. Perhaps after his death, for the first time, you hear of his early struggles, of his hard fortune, and a touch of sympathy sweeps over you. Had you known this when he was living, you would have watched him with

more interest. Now you feel that his life was broken; and you ask yourself the question, Would more years have shown a greater growth, or did he fill the measure of his destiny? He left neither fame nor works. He joined the countless millions, as must all men, save the unhappy few who blaze and light in pain, like unto the burning martyrs in Nero's gardens. The martyrs of restless, consuming thought.

MEMORY'S WORDS.

HE said, Suppose, sister, since our mother left us, two babes, she has been watching over us from the spirit-land. Suppose she took with her mother-love, that it did not die, but went with her, immortal as her spirit. Suppose she saw there was no love for us on earth. Suppose she saw that she who took her place had no love for her babes, that she felt that we were in her way. Suppose she saw the father's heart turn from us and all his love fall upon the other's brood. Would she reproach your brother if she saw his heart become stone and an implacable hate fill it, hate which gathered force as years rolled over him, which memory would not let die? Perhaps it falls upon the innocent, perhaps he is unjust; but will he not be forgiven when it is considered the wrong which has been done us? It has given a coloring to life,—has darkened it. In those early years a fountain of bitterness was opened, and death alone can stop the gushing of its waters. Then do not reproach him, dear sister. Heaven has given you a more forgiving, a gentler spirit. He cannot forget. He will not forgive. Men and women may reproach him. He knows his own

heart, they do not. Your wrongs were as great as his, but you cover them with charity. He cannot. As he writes these words, the mood to write was upon him, the waters overflowed. I may for him strike the words out and not let the world see them. Yet I think I will not. Daylight may repent me of these midnight words, but I will let them stand as warning. Bruise not the young heart. Oh, I am so weary of cant and hypocrisy! Heaven will be a place of truth,—white-robed truth. Why have you left the earth, or did you ever dwell here? I have seen the wicked face behind the holy mask.

FORTUNE'S SCORN FOR HER FAVORITES.

FORTUNE despises her favorites. She gilds them, and then mocks them. She rarely gives them beauty or brains. When she showers gold, she withholds every other gift. When she gives ribbons and garters, stars and titles, she forgets to give personal charms or mental power. She reserves these gifts for those for whom she has neither inherited gold nor title. Toil may acquire all of these; then it is toil, not fortune, which brings them.

I have seen the young spendthrift, who has just attained his majority, seize his portion with the same eager hands and gloating eyes with which his laborious ancestor counted it over as the fruit of his toil or of his cunning,—the one to spend, the other to hoard, but with equal selfish spirit. The ancestor had not and the heir will not have one dollar for humanity, unless it minister to the appetites of the one or comes back with gain to the hoard of the other. The son and the father are the same: it is but different sides we see. The miser and the spendthrift are from the same stock: it is self manifested in different lights. The son learns the lesson of greed: it is in its application alone he differs from his tutor. I have seen noble

men painfully weigh the value of every dollar, and wretches ugly as sin in mind and body waste without limit. Fortune must lift them up in scorn to show men how valueless are her gifts. As I have written the above I have kept steadily in my eye the specimens I have seen of fortune's favorites. Life, not reflection, has furnished my text. I do not quarrel with fortune. I have already noted that she keeps the balance even. No man would give his brains for gold; no woman would exchange her beauty for gold; and the "golden calf" is content. He would not be a true god.

DISROBED THOUGHT.

NO doubt the writer should be able to defend that which he has written and given to the world, but when the truths, as he believes them to be, have come from the deepest feelings of his nature, or have arisen to his mind from the saddest experiences of his life, he is unwilling to controvert about them. He feels he has done enough, perhaps too much, in dragging these children of the night into the sunlight, and allowed the world to look upon them. Goldsmith could have made clear every line he had written, if the obscurity was in the line and not the questioner. His inability must have been assumed. The writer may give to the world truth with beautiful drapery about it, and he feels it an indignity to strip off that imagery that the stupid or the uncharitable may see the unclothed thought. As he has dressed it and given it to the world, so he wishes it to remain. He will not tear off its robes, as discussion would force him to do. The reader cannot know the difference between the sadness of the writer and the sadness of the writing. The sad writer may be a contented man: it is mental sadness he gives. It is as difficult to judge of the man by his writings as by his face. Neither are true indices.

THE VISIONARY.

THE world has always loved the thief and hated the honest man. It fondles and pets the one and shuns the other. The thief is so generous, and the honest man, who has debts to pay, is so penurious. And the world loves a share of the plunder. Honesty is a conventional thing to write essays about and sometimes to preach sermons upon. The want of it never kept a man out of office, and the possession of it never put him into one. Never attack your enemy upon the ground that he is not honest. Say that he is mean and stingy, that "he never spends a cent," and you hit him where pugilists love to hit,—about the heart. Many admire a thief who dare not say so. Of course the man whose money he takes does not admire that particular thief. The thief is always "a good fellow." He can afford to be. He may violate every article of the code of honor, every rule which governs his profession, but he gets money, and the poor fool who believes in honor and professional or business rectitude has failure and poverty for his scruples. I have more than once said that those rules which teach that honor and prosperity come from honesty and just dealing are

false. The foundation of palaces is fraud, their walls are reared on villany. Honesty is in the poor-house as well as crime. Indeed, the pauper's bed is the surest resting-place of honesty. There is its true home. The world laughs at the honest man, calls him an idealist, a visionary. "Too good for this world," as he most surely is. Am I writing fiction? No: I am writing that which every man knows to be true. We keep the fictions of honesty for school-boys, to beguile them with. The professional man who prospers says, "I am in my profession for money. Its codes of honor will not buy me fine houses and old wine. Let the fools of honor drink cold water, live in rented homes, and walk. I own the house in which I live, my servant drives my coach, and I dust the men with empty purses and honorable lives." Do these delusive teachings of the moralist do any good? Is there gain in fine theory and vicious practice? Shall we teach that which observation will surely overthrow?

There must be one man for whose good opinion each man should have the utmost reverence, if he would be honest himself. If he care not for his good opinion, then he despises the opinion of others. He must wish self-approval. This is the only reliable motive, the only citadel of honor. By the world, I mean public opinion,—that subtle essence which surrounds us every day, which influences us, or provokes our scorn, according to the terms we are upon with ourself. Some will think I am writing sarcasm

or indulging, with vain motives, in paradoxes. I am not. I wish to put that principle of human action which we call honesty upon a true foundation,—not success, not prosperity, not words of praise, but upon the esteem of self.

“Conquering heroes” have mostly been thieves, backed by murder. They differed from jailed thieves and hanged murderers only in their rewards. Crowns and chaplets decked the former, stone walls and gibbets awaited the latter, yet their deservings were equal.

A BIZARRE BIRD. THE AMERICAN EXCLUSIVE.

THERE is only one honorable way out of poverty, and that is dug by toil. There is but one true lever to lift you up if you are poor, whether your poverty be an inheritance or a misfortune,—work. If you have a beggar's pride, and wrap your rags around you in pauper dignity, starve; I, for one, would let you. I share the fruits of my labor with no idlers, if I can help it. Labor will rarely fail to pull you out, no matter how many fathoms deep you may be sunk in ancestral mud. I am told that in some parts of our country, if a young man gets a speck of the dust of toil upon his hands the young women will refuse to touch those hands, for he cannot be a gentleman. Such a people cannot prosper. They must sink, and the sooner the waters of honest industry roll over them the better. A deluge would be a blessing. If the "leisure class" planted flowers, distilled perfumes, frescoed life, they would have a fitting place; but it is the toiler who beautifies as well as sustains life. The only plant the "leisure class" cultivate is insolence. They do not even cultivate good breeding. Good breeding respects the

rights of all men ; this class pretends not to see the rights of others. A place of amusement is a democracy : the man who has paid for his seat has the right to hear the performance, and he who disturbs him robs him. Yet it is a practice of this "leisure class" to huddle together, and by their chatter to disturb performer and hearer alike. I was once at an opera, when a well-dressed man and woman, who sat behind me, talked all through the performance. They talked so loud that I heard all they said. I tried to fix my attention upon the performance, to forget, to shut my ears to the rude pair behind me, but I could not. At theatres where the "common" people go you are not disturbed : they go to listen. Thank the stars which rule our fate, as of old they told us, the class of which I am writing are not "common." The air, the sun, the water are common ; all good is common.

FORGETFULNESS.

THE family whose ancestral home is with the gods as they write its history has not made impression enough upon earth to place the name of one of them in an ordinary encyclopædia. The names are plenteous enough, but their biography is but an aggregation of commonplace, which, united, makes not of greatness save in numbers. Pile the sand of the sea as high as the rock, yet it is not a rock. A quarry of gneiss will not make one diamond. It is a forgivable vanity which seeks to rescue from oblivion a name which has been borne by no distinguished ancestor. Yet the attempt will fail, for in Time's book of records names alone cannot be written. Remember that, pretentious vanity; and remember you cannot write them there. Your work must write it, else it will never be written. A history of a county was written; biographies were paid for; and the only really great man the county ever produced was not mentioned. His bank-book had been balanced, his check-book written out, and his hand was cold. What will future generations think of us when they find the remains of temples dedicated to two gods, gold and vanity? They will say, "Why

did you send down to us the fact that he made or sold goods to his great gain? Had you no thinkers? Are these all your generations could produce?" Still, we need not be concerned; future generations will not know them. The spider will spin his web upon the unturned leaves. Life loses its charms, and we would crown the spectre of the future. It is a headless spectre, and the crown falls. Yet we labor only for those who come after us. He builds a house, and the ceilings are hardly dry before he leaves it to his successor. One of the strangest works of man is the building of a church through hundreds of years. The builders do not expect to finish it. It is the same purpose,—to write their names upon the unstable waters of the future. All this looks as though man doubted his immortality. Why struggle so against forgetfulness if he was sure of life beyond the grave? Why does he wish to write his name on marble, which must crumble, if he knew that name—that identity—could never die? The question of Addison to Cato will bear another answer. It is the love of life. The man lives when he has this craving for eternal life. Yet have we "hope in death."

THE DEVOTEE AND DEFAULTER.

MORALISTS in all ages have tried to show the folly of living for vanity. They have invented all sorts of maxims to impress their teachings. Dr. Franklin devised or copied some of the narrowest and most despicable of them. Let us hope he borrowed them and did not acknowledge the loan. They contain too much meanness to be the coinage of one man's brain. Yet there is wisdom to be extracted from them, but the distillation must separate the poison of littleness and utter selfishness. We are not alone in this world ; and if we were, our stay would be short. And it is not true, in political economy more than in social life, that the injury of our neighbors is our benefit. And it does not differ whether the neighbors be the family next door or another nation. The character of selfishness cannot change because a nation manifests it. And it will beget its like to a nation as to an individual.

Men with all of the appendages of respectability around them, including church-membership, become defaulters, fugitives, and suicides. Liberality, as giving money is sometimes called, does not prove integrity. Religious vanity has its spendthrifts as

well as vice. I do not believe that a profession of piety is always assumed by the defaulter as a cloak. It is the turn of his mind, by which he is a devotee and thief with equal sincerity. He worships and steals from nature. No temptation, no pressure, no surroundings, no difficulties will induce the true man to take the first step in dishonesty. No excuse, no apology can be given or received. They are false; and they do well to hide their heads. But why should I write? If a man is born a thief he will steal; he may pick a pocket or scoop out a bank; his face may be in the rogue's gallery or in the costly pew; they are one family.

OBSTINACY NOT A VIRTUE.

OBSTINACY if joined with wisdom may be a virtue, but if linked with stupidity and ignorance, as it generally is, it is a great hinderer of business. Men desire to be considered strong characters, and they think this reputation is obtained by obstinacy, which they mistake for firmness. An obstinate man is usually a weak one. He maintains his obstinacy by shutting his ears to reason. He thinks he is firm when he is simply deaf and blind. It hinders business by taking some unreasonable or absurd position, and refusing to be convinced of error because of the fear that that would be a surrender of the "strong character" which he imagines he possesses. There is no virtue in firmness apart from right. A man of "firm convictions" puts himself in an iron cage. He asserts that he will never be wiser than he was when he adopted them,—that he has ceased to grow. "You have changed your opinions," said a person to me, referring to some political speeches I had made when I was a very young man. I replied "that during the years which had passed I had tried to study and observe, and if I had learned of no errors I must have been an infallible youth or a stupid stu-

dent." He thought it a reproach that I did not think then as I thought a quarter of a century before. If age brings nothing but years, those years will be stamped with contempt. We start with teaching; we should end with acquirement. It is a question how far the parent has the right to impress himself upon his child. Men are hampered through life with erroneous teachings, and life is far spent before they can throw off the bands which were put upon their youthful limbs. He who taught his son to sacrifice to Jupiter had no doubt. The Mohammedan father questions not. So while we are taught we are burdened, and the world moves because men unlearn.

THE ANGER OF MEMORY.

THE anger of memory is immovable, because memory is ever present to recall. The anger of the moment passes with the occasion of it, but that which calls up the wrongs of the past will not die. That which arises from deliberate wrong is out of the pale of forgiveness. This is the anger of age, which overlooks the present and fastens upon the past with unrelenting grasp. The young do not call up past events to grow angry over them. And there is no remedy except the extinguishment of memory by death. Reason: charity will not drive it out. It is a hideous thing to have the memory a storehouse of skeletons, the bones of the past. To me the darkest problem of the spirit of evil is the hatred of men. A vehicle by accident touches another, and at once there springs up a spirit of hate so intense that the drivers would fly at each other's throats but for fear. The bitterness of their language shows this. All the hate which their power of language can express they pour out. The better-trained man uses language less coarse, but the sting of his words is more deadly. We think nothing of uttering a sarcasm which wounds to death, from mere vanity, and the world applauds the deadly thrust.

THE ACCUSATION OF IMITATION.

ENVY has no more bitter taunt than the accusation of imitation. She knows that no other suggestion will so rankle in a proud spirit,—a spirit which believes it is like unto itself alone. The first thought of likeness or similarity comes from the whispering speech of others. By some chance word he learns that he is charged with being an imitator or, perhaps that which is more offensive, of copying the personal traits or peculiarities of another. Before this poisonous drop touched him he had not thought of or considered the person whom he is supposed to make his model. For the first time he perceives there is some faint resemblance, or that in the style of dress or the peculiarity of wearing his hair or beard a similarity may be traced. It is as new to him as it is annoying. He has not the slightest desire to bear any resemblance in manner, style, or in personal adornment to the person whom he is said to be imitating. Perhaps he has but little respect for him, and no admiration. He wishes to resemble no one, but to stand separate and apart, a distinct individuality. No lofty nature will imitate the greatest of earth, and certainly not one without distinction. He would be

himself. He will not shave his head to put on a wig made of any man's hair, living or dead. Or perhaps there is a resemblance between him and the portrait, as it has been handed down, of some distinguished man, or a resemblance is fancied; straightway it is circulated that he thinks he is like unto him, and that he tries to increase the likeness by imitation. It is as astonishing to him as the supposed likeness. He has too much self-love to copy any man, no matter how famed he may be. He cannot help others seeing or fancying they see a likeness, but he has no wish to assist it. I have noticed in the humblest, in men and women of the most limited culture, a desire for individuality. None bear with patience the charge of imitation. Similarity may arise from accident when the intention to copy never existed. And the knowledge that it was a copy would cause it to be rejected with scorn. Before you charge imitation, be sure that your own brain has not invented the accusation, and that envy has not suggested it. It is so hard to admit of another's superiority. A friend of mine, now in his grave, used to tell me of a salesman in a dry-goods establishment who was supposed to resemble Shakespeare as he is generally represented. Said my friend to him, "Though you look like Shakespeare, I do not think you could write such a play as Hamlet?" "You do not know what I could do if I would try," was the answer. He could not admit even the superiority of Shakespeare. I have often quoted the Shakespearian clerk as the model of hu-

man vanity. The world is full of people who could, if they tried. It is well for their vanity they do not try. Every man does all that he can. He does nothing more, because it is not in him to do it. It is the solace of the lazy and the incompetent. They would not be lazy if they had force. If the boiler is filled with steam, and generating caloric, the steam must have vent or it will tear the boiler asunder. If the man has the power within him, it will force him to action. There are no "mute Miltons." Genius conquers circumstances. Biography shows that no poverty can shut out its light: it will shine through the darkest night of birth or fortune. It is not true that if every man will hold a mirror before him he will see behind him a master directing him, as is the favorite assertion of some despicable souls. Who is their master? There are freemen in this world,—men who listen to all, but alone form their purpose. The man who most delights in this assertion is one who has failed in his influence for evil and takes his revenge by asserting that the resistance comes from without the man who repulses him. I have met these serpents in my life and have heard their hissing and have seen them thrust out their fangs,—but saw their venom and its cause. Sometimes it is done to shake confidence in a good man, and weakness may yield to its influence. Never allow your good opinion of man or your confidence in him to be overthrown by the malicious taunt that he controls you. None so wise but they may hear good coun-

sel. And he is a weak man who shuts his ears for fear it will be said that he is governed. A subordinate was supposed to be coming to rule his official superior. It was trumpeted and asserted throughout the land in every form that malice could invent. A weak man would have rejected the subordinate or treated him with offensive haughtiness. The superior did neither. He awarded him the full powers of his place and his just control, and there was no sign of anything but friendship between them. The master behind the chair disappeared from the public imagination, for a stronger man sat in it.

LIFE'S POVERTY.

THE poverty of life,—nothing can make it rich. Men have said this since they began to record their thoughts. He died worth millions, and where is the proof that he had these millions? Papers in a tin box kept in a vault. The piece of land of which he deemed himself the owner is but the ashes of millions of men. From a few inches of soil on the top of the earth have come its nations. The same dark earth has made all men, and from our ashes countless millions more will yet spring. When I see the pompous, strutting man I think of the ashes. Should this thought humble us? It would, if all of us came out of this soil, from which not only one, but all of earth's living creatures came. There is something of us which the sun and earth's mould could not produce. The doctrine of "evolution" is hateful to me. I cannot thus consent to my own degradation: there is something in me which was not evolved. There is nothing in soil and sun to evolve it from.

THE SELF-DECEPTION OF AGE.

THE silly old woman who thinks she can still attract by personal beauty, and the equally silly old man who thinks he yet has the vigor and activity of his youth, are alike the cause of sadness when kindly feelings shut out contempt. If you think how short has been the stay of beauty, how brief the day of strength, and how poor they leave the shorn one when they depart, pity takes the place of censure. You can forgive the false face of the woman and the boasting assertion of the man. They live over their youth: she in her fancied deception, he in his self-deception. They wrong themselves and reproach age. The young are astonished and moved to mirth. It is age which discerns itself that feels the reproach, as it is the family who feel the shame of one of its unworthy members. When age is accepted the sting is blunted. Ugliness and wrinkles, gray hairs and dimness of vision, shortened breath and spectacles are real evils. I have seen a man pull the white hair from his beard as though an enemy had come. No wonder: it is a shadow of dissolution, just as the first brown leaf foretells the coming fall. No more false line was ever written than

"All men think all men mortal but themselves." The thinking man sees the measure of his life: he has counted the days which are gone, and he can count those which are to come, should his life be stretched to the utmost span. He knows the boundary beyond which he cannot go. He feels his mortality in every loss of power; he sees the approach of the end in every failure of strength. He may close his eyes, but, then, he knows he does not see because he has closed them. That line was written for fools and cowards.

INTOLERANCE.

INTOLERANCE as to difference of opinion has not only arrayed armies against each other, but it is one of the most mischievous disturbers of social life. Intolerance will not permit a man to live his life in his own way, but insists on guiding or disturbing it. The capacity of intolerance is unbounded: it can think for all men, and it is offended when other men insist on the right of thinking. It knows what is best for you, and will persecute if you choose for yourself. It will not let you eat, drink, or clothe yourself in accordance with your own taste. It will cut your garments, fashion your hair, and model your shoes. It will decide on the proper color for you to wear, tell you what is fitting your age and station, and do everything for you except pay your debts or fill your pockets. These latter two things it permits you do for yourself. It can tell every man how he should spend his money and what he should bestow in charity. In plain words, it will not let you be at peace. The petty intolerance of life is one of its greatest burdens, for it is always sticking pins into you. If it was the wise who wished to control in all the minutiae of life, it might be borne with more pa-

tience ; but the more a man knows, the less he interferes with others. It is the narrow mind, the petty intelligence, which is the most annoying. "That is the way father did it." Well, was father a very model of a wise man? I never knew him, but I will venture the assertion that he was a small specimen of humanity. Ignorance and intolerance are joined by bands of self-sufficiency and self-conceit, ignorance leading. Let other people alone. Suffer them to choose their own friends and to seek their own amusement. Let them find their own good, and be sure you cannot find it for them. Before you set up as a general monitor examine yourself. See if you have filed specifications for your patent of wisdom. Be not angry with people because they use more or less salt than you do, or because they use salt where you use sugar. Said an intolerant to me, "I was in a street-car this morning ; it was raining hard, and a young man was putting on a pair of light-colored kid gloves,"—and he repeated to me what he would like to have said to him, and stated that he could with difficulty refrain from making the remark. I do not remember what the proposed speech was, save that it was intolerant. He was offended that a young man should wear light-colored kid gloves in a street-car upon a rainy morning. How did it concern him? He was not obliged to wear gloves of any kind, and probably did not.

This illustrates that which I am seeking to impress. It is the intolerance as to the little things of life.

Nothing so mars the harmony of a family as when a member of it is possessed by this spirit. It creates constant irritation, for the other members of the family resent it; and bitter quarrels and permanent estrangements arise, springing from matters in which the aggressor had no concern. The history of the world shows the result of the intolerance of opinion, for most wars have arisen from difference of opinion. One nation, one party hates the other nation or the other party because they have different opinions, and they pour out blood not to set each other right, but to gratify the hate of intolerance. I do not care to speak of this: the subject is worn and old. It is of the intolerance of daily life of which I write,—of intimates, of friends, and the chance companion. Intolerance puts a drop of poison in every social cup; not enough to kill, but to sicken. Intolerance is in our natures. We feel that a man reflects upon our judgment when he acts differently from us, no matter how trifling may be the subject. The basis of all intolerance is wounded self-love and mortified self-admiration. When a man does as we do he flatters us; when he thinks as we do he compliments our wisdom. The first impulse of difference is an argument, a contention, not for truth, but for an acknowledgment that we are right,—an admission we never get. None of us but have need to fight constantly against this intolerant spirit. We don't like the way people dress, the way they walk, the way they eat, the way they pronounce their words, the tone of their voice,—it is

not our way. I can remember when a moustache was a thing of iniquity, a badge of shame, a horror to respectability. Yet it is nature's work; man did not grow it. I have always admired Chesterfield for his large toleration of opinion. It is supposed that intolerant men have made the most impression upon the world; if they have, it has been the impress of destruction and not of good. Like war, intolerance burns and destroys; it never builds. Its monuments are of molten cannon, not ploughshares; its fruits are ashes, not grains of wheat; its heroes held the sword, not the sickle.

THE POISON OF GIFTS.

BE neither pauper, beggar, nor gift-taker,—their kinship is too close; if the latter, you may be taken to be the kinsman of the former. Let it be remembered that gifts are more to the advantage of the giver than the taker,—I mean gifts of value, not gifts of compliment or tokens of kindness and affection. Nor yet do I speak of gifts to the needy. I refer especially to gifts to persons holding public position. He is an enemy who offers a gift to a man in office. Though in form a gift, it is not a gift; it is a sale at a ruinous price, destructive to him who takes. The gift was not offered when the man was a private citizen. Why should it be offered when he is in office, if the gift is to the man? The giver is the superior, the taker the inferior. It is the taker who returns thanks. Be assured, the gift will scorch the hand which takes it. The scorn should rest upon the head of the tempter. Perhaps he does not tempt; he only embarrasses, and for fear of giving offence the gift is taken. Every gift injures; every gift lowers. No man in office should hesitate to refuse, for he should remember that he is not wounding a friend, but baffling an enemy. The caution “to beware of

the gift-bearing" is as old as deceit. Still it is a lesson weakness will not learn, and cunning will ever give occasion to repeat. Earn the money and pay for what you get: this is the whole teaching of true manhood. The American people abhor a gift-taking official, and I am amazed that every official does not know it. Gift-taking is a blemish upon the fame of any man. The road out of poverty is not by gifts; rigid or painful economy is a better way. I have been told that to refuse a pass is to alarm a railroad corporation, for he who will not have a bit put in his mouth and the reins given to the corporation is to be feared. Gifts are expected to bring humility; and they do humble. Let every official shudder at these slimy serpents who crawl around him with gifts in their mouths: the sting of the adder is not more deadly. He should not be afraid of hurting them, but should trample upon them. They are sleek men, soft-voiced men, insinuating men, tempting men, these gift-bearers. They know the weakness of men, and by pandering to it obtain dominion over them. The humiliation of one man is the humiliation of all men, just as one true man raises all men. And this is the story which runs through more than one religious faith, the elevation of all men by one man.

YOU CANNOT REMOULD THEM.

DO not quarrel with people for being what they are; be content that you are undeceived. You trusted them and you have found them unworthy. You thought they had honor; you find they have none. You have been wholly mistaken in them. They are what they are; you cannot change them. They are fashioned and you cannot remould them. It is painful to be deceived, and you feel as though you would reproach the deceiver. To what end? You cannot change him. You were mistaken in him. He did not deceive you: it was you who deceived yourself. Drop him, that is all. Do not say, "This is the last person I will trust." That will be folly. Think over your acquaintance and you will find you were warned. He betrayed himself: you saw he was false to others, yet you would not heed. No man is ever deceived, or woman either, who is not warned,—warned by the betrayer. No man has ever yet woven a cloak of deceit so perfect that true man was wholly covered. I was never deceived in a man that I could not see where he had shown himself to me if I had regarded it. I could have learned his true character before some sudden reve-

lation portrayed it to all men if I had taken pains to read the lettering which was revealed. The real man was not always hid. I speak now of those with whom I came in more or less close contact; not of those whom I simply knew in their official stations, who startle the world as embezzlers and defaulters. I have no doubt they gave warning. They gave warning in their expenditures, in their gifts, in their manner of living; yet these plain warnings were unheeded. Those who trusted them were willing to believe they had some hidden source of wealth,—a gold mine in their cellars; that they were playing a game of chance with some invisible hand and always winning. The hand was invisible, but it was the defaulter's hand, and he was playing with the dupes who confided in him. One of the peculiarities of human frailty is the difficulty an honest man finds in convincing the community that he is honest and the ease with which a rogue gets their confidence. The truth of it is that there is a latent belief that the honest man is dull of wit and that the thief is his superior. Men of integrity—or at least those who think they are—will employ a man whom they know is false to profit by his falsehood. Then they deceive themselves by thinking their hand was not seen, though their pocket received the profit. The final audit will not admit this distinction. He who acts by the hand of another is himself the actor.

BUT ONE WAY TO PAY DEBTS.

THERE is no satisfaction of a debt but payment. The bar of the statute of limitations does not satisfy it, nor yet does a discharge in bankruptcy. The debt remains, and honor and honesty demand its payment, notwithstanding paper discharges or statutes of repose. Debts cannot be paid by the machinery of the law; it cannot work out a satisfaction; it is the property which is reached by its process that pays, not the law. A system working upon nothing or upon insufficient property will not pay debts. This is the vice of all bankrupt systems: they discharge men from the obligations of their debts without payment. For this reason dishonesty seeks their aid. They are sought either for oppression or fraud. I have seen the operation of one bankrupt law, and know of the greedy officials who fattened upon it. I know of the impertinence of registers in bankruptcy. I heard one announce that he was not governed by the statutes or decisions of the courts. I told him that if such was his practice, we were without guide when we appeared before him. Every judge must perform his duties in public. If he does not he soon becomes a petty tyrant. A

chief justice is a model of forbearance ; an unlearned magistrate of insolence. Registers held their sessions in their own offices. Few worthy men were discharged by voluntary proceedings, while cheats wriggled out of the obligations of their just debts. No bankrupt law has ever been satisfactory to an English-speaking people, and none ever will be. Incurable defects are inherent in every system, and ingenuity cannot cure them, for they lie at the root. Many have been tried only to be blotted from the statute-book with universal execration, save from those who fed upon them. No matter how iniquitous and unpopular a bankrupt law may be, it is hard to wipe it out. Its roots become wide-spread, sucking the life out of the soil of the tiller, for the whole brood of its agents produce nothing. They reduce the dividend by their fees until the plundered creditor must put on his glasses to see it. I have no intention of writing a criticism of the proportions of the latest monster, which has just passed the House of Representatives. I know its principal feature will be its mouth. The House think they have reduced it, but experience will show that it is big enough to swallow and its maw capacious enough to digest for its own nourishment the greater part of the estates it draws in. There is no "new way to pay old debts" except on the stage.

WAITING FOR OUR DEATH.

TO know that persons are waiting for our death, expecting to gain by it, is a thorn in life. It is the burden of wealth and of office,—the possessions of the one and the place of the other are desired. Watching for the death of others, and yet ashamed to own it even to inward consciousness, lurks in the heart from interest alone. Except in deadly hate, malignity will not plant it there. The most disagreeable, the sour-tempered, may live without a hidden wish for their death. If sickness touch the office-holder, speculation names his successor. We constantly see instances of this. Sometimes he does not die; then, is there not secret disappointment? This is but an argument for the private station. I wrote something like this in the "Egotist." A commentator wrote on the margin, "I am sure Mr. King would accept a judgeship to-morrow, if the President or the people should offer him one." Whether the comment was true or false, it proves nothing. If true, it would only show that to gather the fruits of office I would stand on a ladder which envy and interest would rejoice to see break beneath me. I am sure it would give me pain to think that any human

being was waiting for my death. I wish men to desire that I should live. I wish so to live that there is more gain in my life than in my death. But should men care that their death is waited for because their places are wanted? They should not, yet how can they avoid it?

I am astonished at the inhumanity to the old; they are buried alive. "He has lived too long!" This is a cruel speech. I have heard it spoken of earth's brightest. His services, his devotion, his feelings are disregarded. Bury him: wait not for his death, and erect no monument. There is a shout of triumph when the old leader is overthrown. Why not let him live to the end? I am always rejoiced when I see an old justice of the Supreme Court of the United States refuse to resign; he will die on the bench,—die with his pen in his hand and the lawyers' briefs before him. In our hurry to thrust judges from the bench, because they are "too old," wise counsels are lost and great opinions are unwritten. The very acme of the judge's life is lost to the public. If a man studies and thinks, he must grow wiser as he grows older. Wisdom is not born with us: so much as we have of it we acquire. Each have their true place, the young and the old. The old, if they have been diligent, have a garner it is not wisdom to lose. Men are watching to see evidences of mental failure. Bacon thought the mind of age was as deformed as its body, and Dr. Johnson said that a man learned nothing after he was twenty.

I accept neither of these propositions. As to that of Dr. Johnson: when the learned lawyer commenced the study of his profession he was twenty years of age; are the vast stores of legal learning he has acquired nothing? Before he was twenty he knew nothing of them. Do the productions of years show the deformities of age? Dr. Johnson's last work—the “Lives of the Poets”—was in many respects his best. I wish to lengthen life, not to shorten it; to give more time for work, not to close the work of the day before the sun goes down. The whole day—morning, noon, and evening—is none too long. Years bring strength as well as feebleness. The casket may rust, but the jewel it encloses keeps its lustre. The mind may be strong when the step fails. The soul depends not on the body. Till the reed breaks, it may emit sweet sounds. Time may make the spirit gentle; it does not of necessity coarsen by contact with the world. Age has its gentle spirits as well as youth; its loving hearts which the winter of life cannot chill. It may hope for its fellow-man, though its expectation of future days be brief. All age is not harsh and cold. Tenderness may look out of eyes dimmed by years, and trembling hands write words of wisdom. Youth writes passion; age points out its wrecks. Judgments soften with years. Said a lawyer friend to me, who wished to convict a young man, “I will have no old men on the jury. They will say, ‘Give the young man a chance.’” He himself was young. Age sympathizes with the strug-

gles of youth as youth does not. Youth is in the fight. Age knows its wounds and scars. It pities him who has just begun the conflict. Whether the battle has been won or lost, no man would fight it over again. It cannot be wholly gained: some part of the field will be lost, though the world may cry victory. And mourning for the loss drowns the joy of victory.

WE CANNOT PLAN HAPPINESS.

WE cannot plan happiness. We cannot arrange for her and invite her as our guest. When invited, she will not come. She comes when she is not expected, and refuses to come when we have made every preparation for her. She is obstinate and self-willed, and will not be coaxed. The unexpected journey, the unlooked-for visit is the happy one. No machinery, however skilfully made, can fashion her. Happiness will not make a part in any cup if we try to pour joy into it. Happiness is free. She comes without price. She will not be bought. She will burst any chain by which it is attempted to fetter her, any cord by which she is bound. We cannot bring happiness by toil ; we may dig for her and obtain but weariness. When every want is provided for, when all the world can give is at the feet of her votary, then is she farthest away. She is as likely to come to the aged as the young, to the sick as to the well ; more likely to come to the plain than the beautiful, to the poor toiler than the rich idler, to the self-denying than the luxurious. Nowhere will she dwell long. Her visits are short ; she comes at long intervals. I know not where she dwells ; but she

dwells not on earth,—that I know. What is the conclusion? Must we not seek her? Any answer to this question would be a vain and an idle one. We will seek her. Reason may tell us that to seek her is to lose her. Yet our love for her is so great that we will pursue her. When we are weary, and rest, then she comes to us. She respects the Hindoo's faith,—repose. No restless man is happy, and his restlessness shows he is not. The writer seeks happiness in writing, yet it brings him none. A gleam when he finds he has touched some soul, a thorn when he awakens anger. Why, then, does he write? Because while reason dictates, as I have above written, hope, which scorns reason and experience, bids him work on. If dignity is to be guarded, happiness slips away, as she does from the child who must not soil its dress by play. She is at war with the careful, and suffers herself to be embraced by the vagrant. She loves Bohemia better than Westminster. She has no knowledge of men's distinctions of high-born and low-born, and often forsakes the humble when they become exalted. She never pins the sunflower upon her breast, and seldom does the diamond flash in her hair. She will not be locked in safes and vaults. She is the true fairy, invisible, haunting unfrequented spots, and shunning the noisy highways of men.

SILENCE.

THE flow of the deep river represents the general silence of nature. The stars move in silence. The great in nature is voiceless. Man babbles, but silence soon overtakes him, and he is quiet forever. Growth is silent: the leaves bud in silence. The deepest lesson of nature is silence. I am aware that this silence of nature has impressed men in every age and clime, and that I write nothing new; yet, whenever I watch the silent flow of the river, this thought weighs upon me and has led to this expression. And its inhabitants are voiceless. Death from violence is constantly occurring beneath its surface. Yet we hear no sound. The dwellers under its wave die in silence. There is something awful in absolute silence. Man must hear voices: he pines and loses his reason in silence. The good in nature is silent; evil is noisy. Nature renews herself in silence, while the destroying tempest is turbulent. Ruin follows noise; the uprooting wind, the thunder after the lightning's stroke, all tell that nature is disturbed. Man annoys nature, and she often visits him with swift revenge. He assumes that nature is his servant, but one convulsive movement and he and his

works disappear, and the placid wave hides their grave. He is not earth's master, and never can be. I have no doubt this earth will continue silently to move in her orb after his prattle has ceased and he has disappeared forever.

MAN'S APPROVAL.

MAN scorns his fellow-man, and yet seeks his approval. He shuts the sun from him, brings the night of death upon him, makes the track of his march a waste, and calls the impulse which drives him on ambition. Sometimes he gives it a loftier title, and names it patriotism. The motive remains the same,—the love of admiration. The love of power is but the love of praise. The betrayer boasts of his conquest, though at the peril of his life. We build houses, make speeches, write books, to be admired. Even while pronouncing the sentence of prison or of death the judge is looking around for applause. It is not only the actor on the mimic stage, it is not only the “pasteboard king” who looks for the clapping of hands: the incense of approval is as eagerly sought for by the actor on life’s stage and by the king who asserts that his crown is the direct gift of Heaven. It is strange that the king whom God has put upon the throne should be governed by ambition, which is but the sound of men’s voices. He should listen only to the architect of his royalty. Men have not asked him to rule; then why should he seek for their approval?

Though God put him on the throne, he will not trust God to keep him there; for that he looks to the cannon of men. And if men withheld their supporting arms, no other arm would bear him up. It is to be hoped that men will yet rub the mud from their eyes, and get them opened wide enough to see the blasphemy of the pretence that such rulers are God-sent. God is not the author of evil. Wealth is but for show. Strip the soldier of his finery, and he would not care to march the streets. In the photographer's group each individual hopes to be seen. Man's admiration is all we have. "Heaven's approval" we cannot see, we cannot hear; though some assert they are conscious of it. We often think duty guides us when we are looking for praise. The world knows how praise is valued, and gives it grudgingly. It must be wrung from the giver; and, if he can, he will accompany the gift with a criticism which destroys its value, or he snatches it back before we seize it. So we are fain to praise ourselves, and the world laughs. The sarcasm which bites is to provoke the laughter of others. Laughter is a sort of orchestral accompaniment to praise; a trumpet of joy at the discomfiture of another. I never feel so ashamed of humanity as when I see people laugh at a man who has slipped and fallen. "He looked so funny, I could not help laughing," is the contemptible excuse. Most laughter is at the misfortunes of others as seen or imagined. If we can, we will force praise; censure comes without our effort.

Praise is scarce and high ; censure cheap and common. It pains us to praise, and gives us joy to censure. Censure shows its kinship to truth—if truth is not slandered—in that it is our natural speech. Censure is not always just ; and no man need think that his life—no matter how pure it may be—will free him from it. Its greatest evil is that it teaches us to despise the opinion of others. I cannot win men's good speeches ; then why should I regard what they say of me ? They will not praise me, except with stint ; then why should I regard their dispraise ? It is a part of the struggle of life. It is the imaginary good which all are struggling for. The less of regard for the speeches of others, the more of happiness. I have used the word speeches instead of opinions, for speeches do not always follow opinions. The falsehood is racy, the truth dull. Truth creeps ; falsehood dances.

THE TEST OF RESPECTABILITY.

USEFULNESS should be the test of respectability, and idleness the mark of dishonor. The man who produces is more worthy than he who handles,—the depositor than the receiver; he who builds railroads, and he who “runs” them, are more worthy than he who deals in their stock,—the builder than the broker; the man who makes the money than he who takes care of it,—the manufacturer than the usurer. Society reverses all this and gives her hand to the idler, and values him as he is useless. This scorn of toil is the remains of barbarism. The Indian and the Highland chief equally despise work. When we become thoroughly enlightened, it will be more disgraceful to be idle than it is now to work. Within my recollection a great change has passed over society. The circle, whose pride is that they toil not, is being narrowed and less respected. Young men are less ashamed to have the dust of toil upon their hands. I have known social circles, by no means wealthy, in which no toiler who wielded any instrument heavier than a pen could enter. There are many instruments of labor which will bring more money than the pen, especially if it is confined to

“original entries.” How the man who can escape all labor should be the favorite of society it is difficult to understand. No doubt in ancient and modern times slavery did much to degrade labor. And its poison is still felt where slavery has been, though it ceases to exist. A soft hand is more agreeable to touch, but it takes a hard hand to build and plant. Still a soft hand may perform its share of the toil which supplies the world’s needs; produce something of use. Do something which is a benefit, and you leave the ranks of the worthless and join the army of the useful. A different class of men are coming to the front in public life,—successful toilers,—and I bid them welcome. What use has he been? This is the potent inquiry. This republic has no room for apes in foreign garments,—she wants men; men who get their principles as their fathers did their money, from our institutions. And we want no foreigners who do not respect our laws, or who wish to bring the *débris* of monarchy here. Reverence our laws or go back to your own country. I have known men who came to this country in poverty acquire wealth, and yet not have a word of respect for the land in which they had prospered. We do not need their commendations, they would not benefit us; but it would make us feel more kindly to the untutored hordes who are invading us.

THE OLD BUTTERFLY.

BBETTER is the companionship of the old butterfly, or the remains of one, than that of the worn-out old grub. To some old men nothing remains but weariness. I have a regard for them, but at a distance. They are old all over. All is mournful. They have yielded to age. All to them is buried, and they refuse to see that life is still around them. We dread being put in our coffins while yet alive, then why should we put ourselves there? Youth has no horror of age, if age does not make itself horrible. Youth loves life, and if it sees age but waiting for death, it shrinks from it. The heart may have joy in it, if the bones are old. We need no waiting time between activity and death. As long as the ear can hear music we should listen to it. I saw one of Pennsylvania's greatest judges in the theatre a short time before his death. I frequently saw him there, though many years were upon him. Of course, he died upon the bench. Such men die in the midst of their work. I have no doubt he was as well prepared for death as he would have been had he sat his last years in sackcloth, with his head covered with ashes. From the cup which pleased

him he drank to the last. The world is ever ready with its sackcloth for us, and insists in putting it on us at the first tinge of age. The wise man declines the proffered garment. He will wear the fashion of the world and of life to the end. When he is dead they may put a shroud upon him,—he cannot resist. The word butterfly is perhaps ill-chosen, for it is a synonyme of a useless rover; gay I would have him be, yet not useless. I might have dragged out the much-used and ill-used bee for my comparison, but he has a sting. So I will let the butterfly float at the head of this tribute to companionship. He has in him much I admire and would fain imitate. I do not like serious men,—to them life is a solemn thing. I think it has in it much of beauty and of mirth. We need not be told of our mortality, it will speak for itself. Men preach mortification to others to obtain luxury for themselves.

HUMILITY TO MAN NOT A VIRTUE.

NO man can put a stamp upon another. No man's notice, or refusal to notice, can establish another's character. He cannot confer honor, nor yet can he imprint dishonor. Let every man remember he is no man's merchandise, to bear his mark. His esteem, his contempt does not fix any man's place in the world. He may refuse to recognize; that only shows his opinion, whim, or prejudice. It is mortifying not to receive notice where it is expected and desired, but let no one see the chagrin. He cannot elevate, he cannot depress. It lies with each man alone to do either. I have known sensible people to fret because they failed to obtain some desired social recognition, when in truth they were superior to those whose recognition they sought. That man has a little soul who is elevated by any man's notice. He cannot make the other greater or less. After his nod the noticed is the same man, unless he is flattered by it, and then he is smaller. He who swells because of notice or collapses because it is denied is a fungus on the social tree. We can prosper without any man's smile, and we can survive any man's frown. All that is needed is man-

hood. No society is worth stooping to enter. No man's good-will is worth cringing to obtain. No true man will permit another to cringe to him. Kneeling is for the stage. The man who is pleased with crawling has as small a soul and as little manhood as the man who crawls. No true man finds pleasure in the degradation of his kind. Humility to man is not a virtue. Respect is all any man is entitled to, and that all men should get, unless they forfeit it. I loathe the humble man, the deferential man. Humble as he is he will sting if he can do it in secrecy. We are all so weak that deference pleases us when first offered. Yet the humble man has cords concealed behind his humility with which to bind us. He means to be paid for his humiliation. I have seen the crawling sycophant turn to the arrogant master when fortune changed. And he will be as arrogant as he was cringing. No man cringes without a motive. Interest, not love, moves him. The man in power will not seek friends, and the worthy must be sought. So he has flatterers and not friends. The proud, but true man, stands aloof while the sycophant picks up the crumbs. When does the man in power with gifts in his hands send? never: they come with open beaks, flapping wings, and vulture's claws. The experience of ages teaches this, yet no public man has ever learned the lesson. Then comes the complaint of ingratitude. Favors melt, as surely as snow, if grasped in the hand. The giver of them must be a perpetual spring, each year fresh

leaves. Love seeks not gifts. Givers are followers, not lovers. Cards of invitation confer no honor. Honor is an acquirement, not a gift. The choice of the multitude voices honor; the choice of one savors of favoritism. The lofty soul will be borne upon the shoulders of the many; the little soul is content to sit upon the palm of one hand. He who ties to one man rides in a small boat; the ocean ship anchors in the stream. That which I would teach is that no man's approval, no man's rejection or contempt, can change any man; it may change his fortune, but that no man should think less of himself because haughtiness, or insolence, or arrogance passes him by. Character is a better security than a bail-bond. Character is less likely to fail than the surety. Form may demand the bond of a security company, but the real surety is the man.

THE CLEAN PAGE.

THE man who carries poison, be it book or picture, needs to be watched. I would not trust him. He lacks self-respect, the surest bond of trust. An added horror to death by accident would be to have found about the dead man that which would bring the blush of shame to the living. So I would not have in my library a book which I would be unwilling the world should see. I might hide it in a corner, but sudden death would reveal it. This is not a pleasant subject, I will not pursue it. An incident of the day suggested it. This taste can plead no excuse. Let the library be decent if the life is not. I have heretofore spoken of the writers of these books. They sin with deliberation, and with no temptation but avarice. And I think I have noted—and if I have not I will do it now—that some of the writers whose pages are the most loathsome are women. No unclean writer lacks readers; it is the clean page which is covered with dust. We have read of coin spotted with blood; it must be the purchase-money of these books. I have more than once said that the enemy of mankind of the greatest power may be the writer.

ARGUMENT DOES NOT REVEAL THE TRUTH.

ARGUMENT is not conviction ; it does not create the truth. The world has been filled with its strife, and frightened truth has fled from its noise. Tomes of argument have made no converts. Like unto the star above us, to see truth, it needs only that the clouds shall float away, and that we look upward. Contention has shut out her light. Truth has been buried beneath the upturned dictionary ; lost in the words of the speech-maker. In the volumes of the printed "works" of the "statesman" a little hard wood may be picked out ; but the most of the material is wind-shaken. We look for the golden thought, and find ashes and cinders. "Speeches" should be allowed to die, and to stay in their graves ; their ghosts should not haunt mankind. A few speeches of value may exist, though I do not know where they are hid. If such there be, they are the production of the pen. I have been a speech-maker from my youth. I feel it necessary, after writing the above, to make this confession. I believe, however, that my speeches are mostly dead, though I have heard of some of their apparitions wandering about. I have some of them in a scrap-book which no one sees. Shall I put in marching

order the speech-makers who have wearied me? Let them file past. I remember the political orator who always had another engagement, and therefore must speak first; and the speaker who recited the same little speech on every occasion, and the "magnetic" speaker who "lifted" the audience out of their seats, to leave the hall. I have been looking all my life for the "magnetic" man. I must have missed him, for the "magnetic" men I have heard made me long for fresh air. Then I have known the speaker, not on the programme, who sat on the front of the platform to be called out by his admirers. Generally they forgot to call him. And the tragic speaker with his hands above his head, who in quivering but impassioned tones called on the "Bastile" to fall again. Who has not seen the statuesque speaker with bowed limbs and scrawny form attitudinize Adonis? All these types we have seen and heard. We have heard Bottom roar with bellows lungs, mistaking noise for sense. We have seen the pile-driving orator with clinched hand make the table rattle. We lawyers have all with confidence appealed to the "intelligent" jury. "Intelligent" until their verdict was against us, then stupid. Everything of value requires deliberation, which impromptu speaking does not permit. Passion, which is the soul of the orator, leads astray. Patient thought alone is valuable. Argument does not reveal the truth. She appears and speaks as the well-trained actor does, when the cue is given.

THE VICE OF "PUBLIC CHARITIES."

IF great wealth thinks to appease the unrest of the toiler, to make atonement for the wrongs done in its accumulation, to balance accounts with poverty by erecting vast edifices and leaving great estates to "charity," it misunderstands the harshness of the means by which it was gathered, and the needs and purpose of the toiler. The true worth of a "charity" can only be tested by bringing its workings home to the individual life. Let my reader suppose himself an "orphan" within the meaning of that word as decided by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in "*Soohan vs. the City of Philadelphia*," a case which I argued for the city, reported in 33 Penna. State Reports, page 9; that is, a fatherless child. Then imagine that he or she has now arrived at manhood or womanhood, and is looking back upon childhood; that they are feeling the influence of their rearing in their position in life: which childhood would best satisfy them? If the son, that his mother had put him in a school for orphans; if the daughter, that she had placed her in an "orphanage" home? And suppose they had been well fed, well clothed, well housed, and well educated; or would

they love better that mother who had struggled with poverty, though toil came early and privation had to be endured, and education was but limited, but it was under the mother's roof and by the mother's side; it was independent; it was not contaminated with "charity"—every proud-spirited man and woman, every true-hearted one would say, I reverence my mother for not branding me, for not putting upon me a stain which no life success could wash off; one for which I would not be responsible, and therefore the more cruel. It is selfishness and laziness in the parents which consign the child to the "home." Our land is filled with stately structures reared by vanity, or to placate a guilty conscience, or from mistaken humanity, which destroy self-respect and burn the hearts out of thousands with concealed mortification. The little girls look very happy in their clean dresses. Their little beds are neat, and the grounds are magnificent. And the little ones are happy; content in the ignorance of childhood. The good women who act as patrons think they are doing a noble work. Yet meet that girl when she is a woman and mingles with the parent-reared, and see how carefully she hides all evidence that connects her with her childhood's "home"; see the blush of shame which comes to her cheek when the "home" is mentioned; hear her whisper to her companion not to tell that she ever was there, and then some doubts may arise as to the charity. Then listen to her words of bitter reproach as she says to her mother,

"Why did you send me there?" and the "charity" fades away and pity for its victim fills your bosom. "But that is false pride," says the matron whom these words offend. Yet you have it, madam. It is your pride, that your father paid for everything furnished to your childhood. And misfortune may hide, but it cannot drive out this pride which you call false, but is nature's womanhood. It is the true, just feeling of the American "society" girl. I respect the working-girl who refuses to go to your boarding-house, who will have her own hours, and not the hours of the establishment, who will not take with humility the lectures upon morality which she understands and perhaps follows better than her censors. She is not content to accept your rules and live in a state of constant thankfulness and humility. She will not make the "charity bob" or the humble courtesy. Pride loves to teach humility. Humility is the food of the pride which would dominate. Pride fattens on humility, but starves to save self-protecting pride. And I know of no food so nourishing to that article called "spiritual pride" as orphans' "homes," schools, and colleges. There is no other place where the unctuous "philanthropist" can find such luxuriant pasturage. I confess I have but little consideration for the professional lover of man, for the man who is always active in "good works," as he cites his intrusion. He is geneally vain, pompous, and assuming. He claims a great deal of deference, and swells with indignation if he does not

receive it. He loves newspaper notoriety. I once tried to interest myself in a ward "charity." I soon found that my services were not wanted except as a collector. Perhaps the managers thought I would not be content on the back benches. My contribution was welcome; I was not. The offices were all filled. Satisfied subordinates were wanted, prospective candidates were not. Every community is weary of seeing the same names thrust forward in every public movement. They are not the wisest of the community. Yet they are without doubt the most presumptuous. It never occurs to them to invite to their counsels other men, save to put a book in their hands to solicit money for these self-appointed almoners to distribute. The community is sick unto death of the whole lot. Their names are an offence. If a man of ability appears among them they run together and flutter as a brood of frightened chickens when a hawk soars over them. They are afraid their poverty of intellect will be discovered by the contrast; let them understand that society wants no patrons. My contest is for the individual, that he may be reared by parent, no matter how hard the struggle, or how scant the store, or how imperfect the education may be; all these may be mended, but the taint of a "charity" childhood can never be effaced. May mothers think of this when they are anxious to consign the child to the deathly atmosphere of a public institution. It will be the grave of their peace of mind, deathly to their future happiness and well being.

I am not writing to wound. Many hearts know the truth of that which I write. The man with his millions who is trying to pauperize the poor, for to be poor is not to be a pauper, man is more cruel in bestowing than in gathering. The poor do not want his free libraries, his free lectures, or anything that is free. They wish wages for their toil, wages enough to educate their own children, to buy their own books, to pay, if they wish, to listen to lectures. The "charity" of the rich is the vice of the age. It is but another form of oppression, and it is the most odious. I look to the man, not the institution. I wish to see the man elevated, not the "noble charity" erected. I wish to see self-respect inculcated, not bloated vanity fed. I wish to see millions divided, not in "charity" but in wages. These costly rearings will no more satisfy the longings, no more soothe the surging waves of inequality than will a spoonful of oil calm the wild wave. Money to do good must be paid, not given. The giver humbles, he who pays elevates. Compensation, not charity: this the intelligence of the hour demands. It will be content with no less. The employer must be content with less profit, he must not seek to be placed so far above the employé. They must approach nearer. Men are feeling their manhood rights, and they will have them. This is the struggle of the day. No man can place himself serenely aloft and calmly witness the conflict. Money will not bear him above it. The greater blessing is to the helper, not the giver, to

the friendly hand, not the hand which brings gifts. Gifts are easy where abundance exists. The gift of self is hard to bestow. It may be said that which I have written is too positive; that it is *ex cathedra*; that I have assumed too much; that there is another side which I have not shown. My object has been with all the vividness in my power to point out where a good impulse has set a snare. I wish to show that giving is not the noblest work, and that it may and does work injury; that giving is not always elevating, and that elevation is better than giving. Some are so helpless that they must be supported. It is better to give to the aged than the young. The boy who is taught a trade by "charity" will never equal the boy who has toiled for it. That which we earn we cherish; that which is given to us we despise. No man cares how humble his beginning if he has lifted himself out of it. He only conceals his poverty when a strange hand has cared for him. Poverty leaves no stain, "charity" does.

WHY MEN PASS OUT OF SIGHT.

MEN pass out of sight as soon as they cease to work. When a man ceases to toil he is forgotten. His past work will be treated as the work of a man who is dead. His work will be deemed as the work of another. "You cannot do it" and "You cannot do it now" have the same signification. Thus the old boast of the past. The sadness of age touches me deeply. I know of nothing more melancholy than giving an old man money to pay his fare to the poor-house. He has fought against it, but it has come at last. He has no bread. He has no shelter. The landlord of his miserable room has kept his tools and the few remnants of other days. His pride is broken; yet, when he asks you for a pittance, he will not say, "Poor-house." It is "over the river," and you see him no more. You know enough of him to know that his poverty was much his own doing. He was false to his wife, he neglected his children, he was the victim of his appetites. Yet the broken old man is a sad sight. He has borrowed until he can borrow no longer. Such an end never came over his saddest dreams. He thought he would die rich. Most likely he was insolent. He defied

society. He would live as he pleased. Too late he learned how weak he was, how quickly prosperity deserts, and how rapidly necessity comes. How quick poverty travels when she turns her face towards the man she has selected for her acquaintance ! To the last he had schemes which would bring thousands ; but he needed daily bread. A few soiled and worn papers he carried about him,—sole evidences of fortune to come. Was there no friend to help him ? None. And his children,—they are men and women,—will not they help him ? He will not talk of them. Perhaps he has so wronged them that he knows their hearts are turned far from him. Perhaps to speak of them is to touch the knife which is already deep in his heart. One son would help him, but he is poor, and cannot assist him permanently. There is always one child whose heart is not hardened. Perchance he does not wish his children to see his humiliation. He will go away silently and secretly, and they shall never know his despair. Yet when they were babes his toil fed them. Have they no shame ? He is their father, though they owe him no love ; he has forfeited that. Dismal ending. Why does not death come when it would be so welcome ? Why will it always appear when not wanted ? He lives on ; lives to suffer. This may be the last garnering of the evil of his life. Yet it may not be. He may have tried in the right, to be overcome at last,—tried so hard. Life to most men is a constant struggle. Never plenty ; always a little scant. Purse

not quite empty, yet never filled. Often prodigal,—for the prodigal has no to-morrow. The selfishness I have seen in the young prodigal; his purse open to every evil, closed to every good. He sees no future. The jail, the poor-house, or dependence are written for him in fate's book. And the book is open; the most careless observer may read. It takes no soothsayer to cast his fortune. You need not look to the stars to read his destiny. It is written on his shameless forehead. He tells it in his heartless speech, which scorns every tie of nature. Few are his years, yet his heart is as hard as though the waters of evil had rolled over it for ages. No point where he can be touched can be found. Every avenue of his being is closed to counsel, save the counsel of men such as himself. To them he will listen. I have seen the loving parent bear and forgive, when the impulse of the looker-on was to take him by the throat and choke out his worthless life. Perhaps in so doing he would only anticipate the work of the hangman's rope. Search him on every side, and no good could be found. Self alone, and self at the bottom of the pit. Some readers will say I am harsh. Perhaps I am; but I would never take the coat off the toiling son to put it upon the back of the brother who had pawned his own. I might not let him freeze, but I would let him shiver. My observation is that dissipated men are selfish men. They weep when sober, but it is for self they weep. Self-control is the foundation of all good. The gen-

erosity of the prodigal is but selfishness. Let that prodigal reform, and he is the miser. Neither as prodigal or as miser has he generosity, save as it ministers to himself.

THE GENTLEMAN.

OUR self-love objects to being made the object of comparison and illustration. "About as old as you are" is not an agreeable way of stating another person's age: it at once leads to an inquiry as to your age; mental perhaps, but an inquiry. "As gray as you are" may inform others of the color of the hair or of the advances of age; but they must first turn and look at yours. "I should think the room a little larger than yours" produces at once an eye-measurement of your room and a mental observation that it is rather small. "I should judge his library about the size of yours" leads to a counting of your books,—not audible; the company is too polite for that; still, they are surprised to see how few books you have. "I should think about your height; a little broader in the shoulders perhaps." Now, you don't know the width of your shoulders,—you have never seen them,—and you have a most imperfect notion of your appearance. You have only seen your counterfeit self in glass, and it takes more than one glass to give you an idea of your round shoulders. In the remark that "The few things you have you would find troublesome to move," the pau-

city of your furniture is suggested, though the trouble of moving is the object of the speaker's illustration. These personal illustrators never illustrate from themselves or from their own property, unless to magnify. No one ever heard a woman say, "She is younger than I am, or about my age." And a man does not often say, "He has as little hair as I have," so as to attract attention to his scant locks, or want of locks. We do not by comparison call attention to our own imperfections. All this is but another violation of the golden rule. We do not mean to hurt, yet we do hurt. The victim feels the shaft, though he who draws the bow does not intend to wound. It takes innate delicacy to make the true gentleman. No teaching, no example will make one. Occasions will arise when teaching and example will fail, and then nature must come forward, or the man fails to be a gentleman. The gentleman does not address another according to his moods. He is not social to-day, grum to-morrow. He does not carry the success or the failure of the day's business on his face or in his manners. One day, walking upon a crowded, fashionable street, I saw a young woman inadvertently tread upon the heel of the man in front of her. I could see by his appearance that he assumed to be an elegant gentleman. He immediately stopped, turned round, and, with an insolent bow, allowed the young woman to pass him. It could be seen how deeply mortified she was. He meant to mortify her, to show her how awkward she had been.

And so he made her feel. That man was not a gentleman. The touch of that girl's foot might have caused him involuntarily to turn, but if he had possessed the gentle instinct, he would have immediately recovered himself and passed on. I think it likely she apologized; but if she did, it was unheeded. An insolent, impertinent bearing is not the bearing of a gentleman. It is money, not a courteous father, who makes such a gentleman. This changed bearing, as affairs do well or grow ill, is weakness. The strong man maintains an unruffled appearance. No one knows from his carriage whether his purse is full or empty; whether his sales are great or small; whether his patients or clients are few or many; whether his rent is paid or the landlord threatens a distress. With unmoved front he passes among his fellow-men. If disaster has overtaken him, he works the more persistently; but no one sees that he frets. He does not retail his sorrows to every ear which is open. If he must seek for aid, there, and there alone, he unburdens himself. This is not mere stoicism,—it is wisdom. Cover up your wounds: the air will only inflame them. Look not for sympathy. You will get a ton of scorn to an ounce of commiseration. This world is for the strong. The spirit of good has not yet obtained rule over it. The evil one is still powerful, and he can only be opposed by fortitude. This is not my teaching: it is as old as disappointment and disaster.

WHAT IS STRENGTH?

STRENGTH is not immobility, nor yet is it indifference. A man is not strong simply because he takes no interest in humanity. Selfishness is not power. Serenity is strength: not the serenity of the stagnant pool, but of the deep river; a serenity that has estimated life and is not disturbed at the paucity of its possessions or the fewness of its chattels; that can calmly see the world worship bales of goods with a little man behind them without desiring the goods or envying the man. The modern god is spun. He is made by looms and shuttles. Cocoons and cotton-pods are his substance. The world sees a pile of fabrics, and imagines it sees a man. The skilled artisan whose genius and industry fashioned these goods, whose hand and brain produced them, it is he whom they represent. The world sees him not. When I look at the beautiful articles in the shop-windows, I think of the pale artisan who made them. His genius is absorbed by the dealer. His name is lost in the seller. He is the creator,—not the man whose name is painted on the sign. The wearer sees his work, but considers not the workman. Goods are not a man; filled shelves are

not a statesman. All the silks ever spun or woven do not make a man. A bale of merchandise is not a man. The warehouse may be large and the man small. A man may have strong cords and tightly-twisted ropes in abundance and his own muscles be flabby. The paper may be beautiful and the writing a scrawl. The multitude confounds the man and his wares. He may have long arms to gather, the selfishness to hold, and yet be himself shrunk and withered. The loom cannot weave a brain or produce a soul.

He is a weak man who is fretted by another's estimate of him. We have no fountains of honor. No man's notice or neglect can move the steadfast soul. Usurpers sit on buckram thrones and affect to give men their place; but he is a weak man who accepts his distinctions. The foundation of his throne is lump sugar or rock salt, and melts as they do. Women aspire to "lead the fashion," yet every one in the train is at heart a rebel. The strong man looks in every eye, in a straight line. If he looks upward, it is to his God; if downward, to a worm. He neither fears nor disdains his fellow-man. The more I see of the weakness of man, the more despicable to me seem his petty distinctions; and I cannot respect the man who is pleased with a garter or a ribbon. A man in his coffin is sadly insignificant. Calumny is conquered by strong serenity. Slander must have a response: it dies from silence. The victim must give new food, or the slander perishes.

That slander which masks behind the "public good" is the most malignant. That which slanders for the "love of the party" is the most insincere. Envy is the prompter of that species of slander. They attract attention, as the serpent does, by a hiss. He who cannot live without applause is weak. The strong man does not desire to attract attention. It wearies him. The shout of the mob he turns away from.

COMMUNITY'S ESTIMATION.

NOTHING so surprises us as community's estimation of us, when that estimation is distinctly revealed to us. Many go through life without learning it, and they are therefore never cured of their exaggerated opinion of self. I do not mean to say this estimate is just, for it is not. All of us are superior to the opinion which is formed of us. One man cannot do justice to another,—his self-love prevents it. Still the estimate is always disappointing; with all our reasoning we never can anticipate it. It humiliates when first learned; but if we are self-contained, we refuse to accept or abide by it. Self-knowledge is not taught by others, for the lesson is so mixed with envy, jealousy, and malice that it is as misleading as the vainest formulary of our own brain. To drink of the distillation of our own conceit is as healthy as to drink of envy's wine,—the cup which community oftenest presses to our lips. A friend once said to me, "How is it that you always appear so healthy?" "By not indulging in tobacco, rum, or envy" was the reply. The answer was no doubt self-glorious as to the last item in the catalogue of negations, and the word "rum," with the

meaning intended, savors of coarseness ; yet if there is a spirit I contend against, which I abhor and despise, which I would tear from my soul, it is the spirit of envy. Suppose another lawyer is sought on every hand and the golden shower never ceases, am I to nurse a serpent in my heart and hate him for it? Am I to say that he does not deserve it; that his success is the result of accident? Am I to lose my health, to carve wrinkles in my face by gazing upon him? No. His prosperity harms me not. I will not so intently look upon him as to lose sight of my own affairs. Suppose a man whom I knew when poor is now possessed of millions; he took nothing from me to get them. I will not look at him with an "evil eye." His palace throws no shade upon my life. Suppose I know the means by which he attained his high office, and they are such as I would not use for any place, shall my blood turn to water? Shall I loathe my food and break my sleep by reason of it? He has his reward; I have mine. He paid the price; I did not. I have my manhood; he the office. And so we are even. Envy is as blind as love. But I have strayed from my first thought.

No man is so disappointed as the writer of a book. He thought the world would rush to read it. Have they not read A's book? and how much greater am I? But the book never has a life; it is dead from its birth. He finds that his name has not strength enough to float the tenth part of the edition, which he unwillingly reduced at the suggestion of the un-

imaginative publisher. Experience had taught him of the wide gulf between the author's vanity and the interest of the reader. Then come the criticisms,—sharp enough to reach his heart, though his book shielded it. He has learned the worth of his name in the sale of his book, and the estimate of the book in the criticisms upon it. Sometimes it does not rise high enough to reach the critic's pen. It creeps out of the world as silently as it entered it. Its binding was its shroud, the publisher's shelves its grave, and its only mourner the disappointed author. Community's silence has taught him its estimation. What shall we say to him? Can we comfort him? Can we advise him to try again? We have heard of those who at first failed, and yet compelled the world to listen; but we have not heard of that vast multitude whose first failure was their final defeat. There is in the sound of the word author a higher ring than in the name of emperor,—for emperors have sought the author-title. The author speaks when the name of the emperor is buried in his dust. Our highest joys are the mind's joys; and when the author believes his thought will join the thought of the unnumbered, it fills his soul with ecstasy. He sees the glimmer of immortality. He feels the life of that thought which is never to die, and he calmly looks upon palaces which will crumble, upon monuments of stone which will fall, upon the laudation of the lapidary which trade will dig up to plant its marts. If he rebels at community's estimate, when he hoped

approving hearts, we cannot condemn. He has thrown out the net he so wearily weaved, and is astonished that the net is all he draws back. The public's approval is as uncertain as the waters that have passed through it and glided on. I imagine the failure of the first book is generally the final failure. The heart breaks or hardens, and tries no more; or vanity consoles itself that the book will have a resurrection; that succeeding generations will take it from the shelf. This is the last solace, weak and delusive. A man's mind should be well braced with resolution before he puts his name to a test which will show him how the public value it, or even how a limited community estimate it. It will not add to his happiness to have his self-deception removed. He had better sleep in self-valuation than be awakened by it tumbling upon his head, as it surely will if he permit the community to lay its hands upon it.

"He is over-valued," says envy. Not very likely. And are you the only man in the community who can put a just valuation upon him? For it is that your question implies. You only have truly estimated him. Envy has put its opaque glasses upon you, and you cannot see. Yet I cannot understand the popularity of some men. I cannot see why the mob shout. Has envy obscured my vision? Tried by my own standard, I might be compelled to admit that that bird of the night had built her nest upon my breast. If I stood alone, I would listen to catch the

sound of the beating of her wings ; but I am reassured by the opinions of others. This, however, is certain,—that if envy does close our eyes to the good in a man, the jaundice of dislike clouds to us all his actions. If we have resolved to see no good in a man, it will never be visible to us. I have heard men say, “What a bad face he has?” yet I never could see the evil in it. I liked the man. This have I learned by experience,—never to take the world’s opinion of a man, be it good or be it bad ; and this statement I have often repeated. I have found men far better than the world’s fame, and I have found them deeply below its reputation. If for you he is kind and just, that is enough for you. The contest with the world has not taught me admiration of its “perfect” men. I have found its “sinners” better than its “saints.” Mark what I say, the “world’s” distinctions, not God’s. His saints the world does not stamp, and sinners before him the world may not know. Though every day’s exposures reveal to us the deception, yet I know men who stand high before their fellows whose names I believe are written in the everlasting books of light. “Judge not, that ye be not judged.” We must trust each other : we have no barometer to tell us whether a man is cloudy or fair. It may take a long life to unmask him. For I hold that, though it may take a life, yet if another face is shown at last it is the mask which has fallen. Temptation is simply opportunity. It is the coward’s plea. Sometimes we can almost hear

the evil one whispering in our ear, feel his hot breath, yet he sprang from our own hearts. He has no life but that which we give him. He only whispers when we listen. No seed will grow if there be no soil. No plant of evil will flourish if we do not water it.

THE STRAIT-JACKET.

IS the writer, whose people worship “false gods,” to be accused of impiety because he refused to join in that worship? If he was impious it is for the reason that worship is an establishment and the object of law. There are two kinds of law,—the law of the land and the law of public opinion. Of the two, the latter is the most unbending, the most searching. It cannot be repealed; it has no equity to modify it, no board of pardons to forgive and blot out. That the writer of pagan times was faithful to the truth when he rejected its deities we admit, yet he is charged with impiety for his unbelief. The excuse for a false worship is that the people must have their eyes put out before they can be led; that it is better they should be blind and led by craft than see and choose their road; that it is better they should in darkness follow error than in light be free to choose, for fear they would choose error. If they saw they might choose the right road, but if they are blind and guided by cunning they must forever go wrong. This principle that man must be bound that he may do himself no harm makes the world an insane hospital, and hands the keys of its dark cells to a few self-appointed keepers. Each

patient is in a strait-jacket which artifice has tied. This truth, the story of man's progress teaches, that his limbs had first to be unfettered before he moved forward. In all ages, and under all the forms of superstition which cunning has devised, ghostly tyranny has sat like an incubus upon the heart of man. It has pulled the strings which danced the spectres before the eyes of the affrighted multitude. And it has denounced with fearful vengeance that impious wretch who exposed the machinery. To progress, man must be free. If another man holds the ends of the cords which are wrapped around him, he must lie upon the ground a bound slave. Cunning often matches cunning and plays the hypocrite. Freedom is obtained, because deception takes the place of superstition. Freedom makes no hypocrites. No man is a hypocrite without a motive. No man will profess to believe that which he thinks is false except he gains by it. His conformity is to the law, promulgated by the law-making power, or by that inexorable tyrant the "public." The law of public opinion, unwritten, but of irresistible force, makes more hypocrites than ever did the canons of the most powerful spiritual ruler who in the past times dominated over the souls of men. Hypocrisy is not a homage to virtue. It undermines it. It is the foe who is working in the mine, and not the foe in sight. It is the kneeling subject, paying homage, who is sneering behind a mask. None but the believer can pay true homage.

CHANGED BIRTHS.

NATURE designed her for the child of refinement; fate made her the child of poverty. She has the shapely hand, the gentle manner, the voice of one whose birthright has been stolen. And how they suffer, these children of the light, in the darkness of poverty and privation! How the coarseness which is around them wears upon them! They may never have known any other condition; therefore they see but dimly the cause of their misery. They shrink from their surroundings, yet scarce know why. It is the feeble cry of nature which the iron hand of fate is stifling. Then fate gives wealth and opportunity to those upon whom nature has stamped every incident of poverty,—the coarse hand, which the costly rings, by a striking contrast, make coarser; the ungentle voice which defies the musician's skill and the elocutionist's art; the laugh which no words can describe, but which always betrays; the rude manner, and the love for like companions; all these tell of the changed births. Before her birth poverty had written her name in the list of kitchen-maids; but fate, for some unfathomable reason, snatched the babe from poverty's clutches and put her amid

gold, and then left her ; forgot to fit her for the good influence of wealth, so she has caught all its ill. Thus through life she shows the contrast of original design and misplaced birth. If a man conquers fate, he but shows nature's original design. If fate overcomes him and he sinks from the place of his birth, nature has but asserted herself. Each has found the place nature prepared for him. Fate intervened at first, but nature conquered in the end.

IN THE STRIFE.

FROM action to contemplation. He who has not been in the strife, cannot describe the battle. The recluse in his cell may study his own heart, but he knows not how he would act in temptation or peril. To reflect there must be something which the mind can look back upon. If it looks upon vacancy, upon inaction, it but dreams. The greatest writers, the most useful writers, have been men of action. Bacon was a lawyer, statesman, and chancellor; Shakespeare, the successful manager of a theatre. A life of contemplation is a life of idle musing. He who never takes his pen from his hand may write as many books as Southey and be as little read. The pen must rest, and the man must act in life if he would learn what men are. I have noted this, that the writers who have acted a part in life, when they write of men, do not write the copy-book maxims of the triumph of virtue and the success of honesty. These are written by men of the closet, by men who write of a world they have seen in their dreams. Their maxims are ridiculed and despised by men of affairs because they have found them false. They make the mistake of promising prosperity as the re-

ward of virtue and honesty. They build palaces for virtue, but she seldom lives in them. They construct jails for vice, while she prefers the palace, and finds it a more congenial abode.

Let no man say I am writing against virtue, honesty, and truth. I am not. That which I object to is the rewards which are promised to those who follow them. These promises are false, and the rewards do not come. Earth promises earth, and the more of earth in a man the more of earth will stick to him. If he gathers possessions, he has oftener been false than true. He has gained more by hardness than by generosity, by keeping the penny than by sharing it with misfortune. No man can confute this. This world is earthy, not heavenly. It smells of muck. And they who have most of it wear earthy garments, not heavenly. Its fruits spring from corruption and decay. One form of life dies that another may live. One man perishes that another may find a place.

THE QUARREL WITH LIFE.

A MAN quarrels with life, when the true cause of discontent is in his own life. His world is self, but he finds that world so small that there is in it no room for content. The smallest men I have known are the idle men living on a narrow income. There may be some grandeur in worthlessness when supported by large expenditures; but the idler of petty fortune, who eats his bread in care as well as in sloth, becomes as petty as his fortune. He lives in the smallest of worlds. He has not money enough for vice, for vice is expensive, so he tries to become a vegetable. His reading is confined to one newspaper, and it takes him a day to get through it. I have seen him in the evening with the same newspaper in his hands which he was lolling over in the morning. Such men become the gossip of their circle, and when you hear them talk you are astonished at the insignificance of the objects which fill their minds. To what purpose, says my reader, do you write of such shallow characters? what possible interest can we have in them? None at all. They are the most wearisome and uninteresting of the inhabitants of this planet. When I have looked at

them it was because they passed before me, not that I turned my eyes towards them. Sometimes they pretend to a dignity, but there is no dignity in idleness. Only for this do I write of them as warnings. Such a life ends in misery. Every year plants a thorn, until thorns pierce them from every side. They cannot rest. Sleep flies from them. Then they quarrel with life, and say "there is nothing in it." A man who is worthless cannot be content. No man can be happy who knows that he is of no consequence in the world. Our nature forbids it. He may assume that he is happy; he may affect to despise "trade"; but he must become as inanimate as a sponge ere he is content to be one. "He was a well-known club man;" that is all which can be said of him. What an obituary! That he spent his life as a lounge, benefiting no human being. What did he give for the bread he ate? Who gave him leave to live such a life? God did not. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." He makes no exceptions. Nature did not, for she refuses to yield her fruit without toil. Man's laws do not, for every citizen must benefit the commonwealth. He was then an outlaw, living by sufferance. Why should one man carry another, if both are able to walk? No nation is benefited by an idle, consuming class. It is a fiction that they preserve the graces of life. History shows that in such a class vice grows and honor fades; that good breeding is lost in insolence. This republic needs no privileged class, and

it will tolerate none save in contempt. Such men may lean against each other, but the united column is no stronger. They are what builders call rotten stone, and the column is not more enduring by its breadth. It only makes more dust when it crumbles.

IS MAN MADE BETTER BY DECEPTION?

MUST men ever be treated as children to be pleased with fairy tales and lulled to sleep with fiction? To keep them in order, is it necessary to delude them? Will they be made better by deception? Has God appointed jailers to shut the human mind in the dungeons of fear; has he given them the keys? No man is the God-appointed jailer, and no man the heaven-destined prisoner. When the human mind, long confined by fear, bursts its bonds in the first ecstasy of freedom, it rejects the guide of reason and tears off every restraint. From slavish superstition to insulting belief is but a step. Force cannot forever bind the human heart, falsehood cannot forever deceive. The dam will be torn asunder and the imprisoned waters will spare neither the church nor the haunt of vice. The good and the evil will alike be swept away. Open the doors of the prison-house willingly; set reason free; do not wait until chains have made madmen. Armies may be doubled, spiritual denunciation may roll; still reason will be freed and conquer. Where the devotee formerly bowed in reverence is now heard the shout of ribald unbelief. The light was seen, the

torch seized, not to guide but to burn. I am amazed how one writer has followed another, neither seeing or daring to write the truth. Truth is hid by interest. The lie brings profit. It clothes in fine linen and provides sumptuous fare. Falsehood is environed on every side. She has in her pay hosts of mercenaries. Truth is too poor to pay her defenders. They are but undisciplined volunteers. There may be the content of numbness, as opium eases pain, not by curing but by deadening. Yet afterwards comes the cruel nausea. So man numbed to quiet by fear will awake not cured of his discontent but maddened. Repression cures no discontent. The cancer may be covered with silk, yet it eats. It is strange when a man has the elements to war with, when the tempest destroys his labor, he cannot find enough to contend with and be at peace with his fellow-man. Is strife his normal condition? If so, then he mars the harmony of the universe and is a pestilence.

THE LESSON OF LOVE.

MAN'S trust and woman's betrayal; woman's confidence and man's falsehood! These have been the burden of song and story, and will be till the end comes. From age to age the story never alters, never wearies. Each generation trusts; each generation believes. Yet deception, weariness, disappointment, sadness come to all. Can she be deceiving me? cries the burdened heart. Are you sure you will never grow weary? is the question of experience. It is well that warm youth refuses to listen to cold age. It has a vision which age has lost. It is better that youth should suffer than fail in sadness to learn the lesson of love. What are those lessons? Man and woman have been trying to read them since the earth was young, and the lesson is still unlearned. Each heart keeps its own school and is its own teacher. A man must have a love which he calls up from the past or sees in the present to write of love. He must remember his madhouse, or call from its cell to describe its fantasies. The imagination cannot conceive them. It is madness to seek a felon's doom for the lost love of a false woman. Why break the heart for the man

who no longer loves you? Love never comes back. Be not so mad as to dream it will. If it is dead, bury it, do not put the corpse in your closet. Vanity will not consent that it is dead. And there is more of vanity in love than love will acknowledge. Wounded vanity is the sharpest thorn in rejected love.

Not many men envy their successful rivals after a few years have passed. Let the unsuccessful suitor remember this. It will comfort him much. That which they so long for will be but a faded, withered leaf in a few years, and if in possession of another they will wonder at their delusion. All on earth dies, and love breaks not the universal law. Change is everywhere, save in the stars, and perchance there too, and love partakes of the general mood. Love strives to write its characters on the stars, and lovers have ever been gazing to find them there, but their calm light has given no response. No, the love of which I write is of earth. It demands possession; it seeks its own happiness; it will destroy rather than yield. It devours; it is as greedy as the grave.

THE NAME OF THE MOST CRUEL MAN ON EARTH.

IF I should write the name of the most cruel man on earth, it would be the name of the man who had resolved to become a millionaire. He will take the home from the aged and the cradle from the babe. He will press the mortgage, force the property to a sheriff's sale ; not to get his own with interest, for that was tendered him, but to obtain the property at a price far below its value, and then to turn the old people in the street. Their title was such that they could not make a mortgage to take the place of the one which was closing upon them. Yet, for their possession, it was good against the world. He would not assign the mortgage, though tendered every dollar which was due him. He would sell, and, without a probable competitor, buy. But the equity of the law thwarted his greed, and compelled him to accept what was due him and assign the mortgage. Appeals to his sense of justice only showed that he had none. Yet he was pursuing the course of the law. It took the strong arm of equity to compel him to let go. I have given but a shadowy skeleton of the proceeding. I have no wish to clothe its dry bones

with the form of a living man. He is not a dishonest man, tried by a legal standard; grasping men seldom are. He looks to the law to aid him, and is careful not to violate it. I will do him further justice and say, he does not desire to be dishonest in the sense that he does not pay his debts, or that he seeks to avoid them. It is prodigality which fails to pay, not parsimony. Hardness and cruelty are the vices of the man of whom I am writing. Mine is his talismanic word, and moves every action. He is a blunderer who uses money not his own. This man does not so blunder.

He is hard upon himself, why should he pity others? He cares not for his own comfort, why should he heed the complaints of others? He repents himself if he allows sympathy to touch him; that to him is weakness, and interferes with his plans. He notes not that time is using his shears and pincers upon him; shearing him of his hair, plucking out his teeth; that he is stiffening his limbs and bowing his back. His million is to compensate for all loss. "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

THE "BLACK BEAST."

THE man who haunts you; the man whose shadow causes you to let down the portcullis of your speech; the man whom you abhor, he is destined to stand in your path. You may walk over him, you may think you have thrown him into the pit of oblivion, yet there he is again. If you strike at him, you hit the yielding air. You think you have forgotten him, when, lo, he stands before you. You despise him, yet he vexes. You do not fear him; you would joy to grapple with him, but he eludes you. You are not always sure that he hates you. I have known men who were my contemporaries in early life watch me through life, why I cannot tell, surely not kindly. I had forgotten them, yet they know every step I have taken. Our paths have not crossed. We have never been rivals, yet that "evil eye" has followed me. If you are a man of positive character, not sparing in your speech, these malignants are many. Some chance speech has made them, and the effect of that speech is never obliterated. In nature certain creatures have an antipathy for each other. So it is among men. In my younger days I saw and felt this truth more

keenly than I do now. I was nearer my fellow-man. I now live more in myself and heed him less. I have learned how little he can do to give me joy or pain. Every year he gets further away, and diminishes as he is removed. My "black beasts" have become very small and tame; they have lost their horns and hoofs. I do not mean to say that I have not provoked them. I may have been fierce in speech, intolerant of opinion, hating with unrelenting fury. I may not have weighed the wrong in my revenge. But enough of this. The world cares not, heeds not our rage. It laughs at us as madmen. And such we are, with our impotent hates. It cares not that the scowl is on our brows; that we thrust out the tongue. One kind word is worth a vocabulary of scorn. One gentle act has in it more power than a thousand blows. Let the "black beasts" perish.

THE INVENTORY OF LOSSES BY TIME.

I HAVE continually asserted that there is no gain in deception; that no man is better because he is deceived. Yet there is a self-deception which makes me hesitate. Would it be wise for every man, every woman, to make an inventory of each item they have lost by time, and compare it with an inventory of all they have gained? Is it better we should refuse to see the loss and magnify the gain? Certain it is that we all refuse to see our losses. The most self-searching, like the bankrupt, keep something back. Some refuse to write down any loss; time has robbed them of nothing. Time's lines have not marred the beauty; time's loads have not borne down the strength. A little more of cosmetic, it is true, but no one sees it, and it really is not necessary. The breath comes shorter, yet that is temporary. Is it better to be thus self-deluded, or to pull from our faces the veil which hides the truth, and see ourselves as time has marked us? and to consider how we stand as to years which have passed, and as to those which may be ours? Will the truth overwhelm us with despair, or will it brace us for another and firmer conflict with fortune? Truth

brings no healing to vanity. The convent, not truth, has sheltered the faded beauty. When men no longer supplicated, then she offered prayers to heaven. She turned that face to heaven which the world no longer admired. And it was well when the beauty of the life supplied the beauty of the form. Yet is this a hard lesson. Hymns of heaven for songs of love. The heart was deeply wounded before it consented to the change. Often this was a remedy born of despair. Beauty has much sin for which to answer. Yet personal unloveliness has turned many a heart to piety. Despairing of admiration in this world, it has been sought from heaven. Whether the face be beautiful or plain, devotion sanctifies it; though no painter ever gave a saint aught but a beautiful face; beauty and piety have always been linked in the artist's dream. He never conceived an ugly saint. I would not be willing to make an inventory of all time has taken from me; and if I did in the utmost sincerity and with the most absolute faithfulness, the first friend to whom I would submit it would see many omitted items. Grieving for their loss will not restore them. I have heard men say they did not desire to live beyond fifty years of age. Yet when that age arrives I have no doubt they will change their minds. That assertion, however, shows this, that they live for their senses. And when the senses fail them, they think life will no longer be worth living. It is a confession of degradation. The mind fails not at that age, however much the body may,—

that is, where the mind has been cultivated. If a man lives for his body, whatever of mind he may have will fail with the body. There may be a serenity in age which youth knows nothing of, but that serenity does not come to those who refuse to be old, who think that art can make youth and blindness give strength. Recognize past years in the value you put upon those which may yet be given you. There is nothing new in this advice, it is not mine. Sages have repeated it since man grew old.

THE ROGUE.

THAT individual, that political party which accepts the services of a rogue will regret it. The same cunning and treachery which served them will betray them. It is himself he serves, not his employer, be that employer an individual or a party. When weary of his methods, or doubtful of their expediency, he cannot be shaken off. It is then his grip grows stronger, and some of the flesh must be torn away to be rid of him. He will not let go his hold ; and it will cost more to heal the wound than was gained by his services. Neither party nor individual will be the gainer by the services of a rogue. In the end they must lose. All this comes from the delusion of the smartness of roguery. Temporarily it is successful. At first it wins, and beats straightforward methods. But there is an honesty in the human heart which in the end rejects it. Having accepted his services, pretentious honesty must accept his company. This respectability is loath to do. He will soil its garments, and soil them on the outside where it can be seen. If the tarnish was up the sleeve, or on the lining of the back of the coat where it could be hid, it might be endured ; but the soil is

in front. Roguery is not modest; it laid its head on respectability's bosom when respectability made it a companion. There is but one rule,—refuse tarnished services. A political party had better suffer defeat than win by them. They demoralize and dishearten a party. A party must respect its leaders. We have in this country a class of men called “politicians;” not such in the better meaning of the word, but in its worst sense. They will destroy any party. They rule by gifts, not by love of country. The mercenary prefers them to statesmen. The statesmen look to the country, the politician to his servitors. Rewards are the promise of the politician; faithful service of the statesman. The politician is obnoxious to the body of his party, but the noisy camp-followers sustain him. Experience has shown that an entire state may be debased by the methods of the “politician.” Honor and manliness retire from the strife, and the men with baskets come to the front. They are a clamorous crowd; and if their master cannot feed them, they will eat him. It is selfishness which retires, as well as selfishness which stays. If a party had less fear of defeat and more sense of right, they would not accept the knave's cunning tricks, though they brought power. Such power is not rooted. The men of whom I speak bring no strength to a party. Success is not strength; it may be the last convulsive movement before death. For my own part I should prefer that the party to which I belong should not have an office in the country than that it

should hold them all by the aid of the men I have attempted to describe. If the party obtains power through their pernicious methods, they become the dispensers of patronage, and they pay their tools, not for justice, but for future service. It is not necessary that a party should have offices, it can exist without them; but it cannot exist without principle. For my personal comfort I would rather belong to a party that has not an office to give. If the tureens of the soup-house are empty, the mendicants will forsake it.

VOWS WHICH DWARF.

HE who has joined no political party, no church organization, no association where he has to make promises, vows, or give pledges, has an individual strength that the man of promises, vows, and pledges has not. His arms are free, his speech his own, and his actions controlled only by his own judgment and the law of the land. The fewer the vows the more lofty the consecration. The more multiplied the vows the more slavish the spirit. Vows, promises, pledges, consecrations are swathing-bands of weakness, the bandages of doubt and dependence. The stronger the man the stronger the faith; the firmer the conviction the less need of these bands. In time they may pinch, they may wear, the child may become a man, he may change his opinion. Then these swaddling-clothes, these vows and pledges, prevent the free movement of his limbs. All associations with iron rules dwarf the man. I once tried a cause where nearly all of the witnesses came from the lumber regions, men of the woods, and I was struck with the appearance of physical power they all had. They came from the mountains where they had room, not from behind counters where the

muscles shrivel. I would that in the days of my youth some good fairy of thought had whispered into my ear, beware of promises and pledges, keep yourself free. The dread of the reproach of political apostasy will bind you. With others the fear of the condemnation of heresy binds them to creeds they no longer respect or believe. Youth is ready to fetter the future. It will not consent that its present enthusiasm may cool; that its present confident opinions will ever change: so it binds itself; binds with bands which may sink deep into the flesh, may cut and torture, and, though finally broken, leave lasting scars. Men fear the reproach of change. They think obstinate wrong more honorable than the right, if to get in the right they must acknowledge that they have changed. Steadfastness in the right is honor; obstinacy in the wrong is dishonor. He is weak who cannot say, I was wrong. The most bitter taunt is, So you have changed. It looks like desertion. I would not enlist for life in any army. The right is not so easily ascertained, whatever bellying, blathering, babbling, presuming monitors may assert. Never shut your eyes or close your ears in fear. Fear is a most unworthy, treacherous guide. He who threatens cannot reason. He who would rule by fear despairs of love. Distrust that man who tells you that you must listen to nothing which is contrary to his teaching. Denunciation threatens when argument fails. I am aware that the above takes but a partial view, and overlooks the

power of united effort; but I am writing for the individual. There are men who must lean upon others or fall. It is better they should be erect, though by another's strength. I have written for the strong, the self-reliant, the rulers of the world. The strong man will find every vow a fetter, every promise a band, every consecration to a thought a tyranny. The strong are rebels; the weak loyal.

“BE IRON.”

IT is not in our power to increase our happiness. Happiness is a pruner, not a grafter. Let my reader turn back the leaves of his life and carefully read them over, and see if any gain ever added to his happiness; whether he was happier after he bought the house than when he leased it; whether competency—that word which no man can define—brought him comfort. Perhaps this is not a fair test, for no man has ever yet obtained a competency. In reading these pages of the past, he will see that every basket of fruit had an asp in it. It is not in the power of one being to make another happy. Doubled imperfection makes not perfection. Two faulty beings cannot create a state without fault. Weakness cannot drive out weakness and fill the space with strength. Sorrow joined to sorrow brings not bliss. Services may give ease, but they bring not joy. There is a collision between man and nature,—he disturbs her and she resents it. Man’s triumph over matter will always be fitful, uncertain, and liable to overthrow. He must ever be on guard. It is this which makes the farmer’s life so toilsome,—he meets nature face to face, there is no veil between

them. In truth we drag through our days; the day passes. To-day we suffer with heat, to-morrow with cold. To-day the pain is upon our right side, to-morrow upon the left. I am not sure Aaron Burr's advice was not the best,—“Be iron.” Not iron to crush, not iron to hear not the plaintive cry of others; but iron to resist, iron to stand firm and bear weight without bending.

FEAR RULES THE WORLD.

FEAR like a pall covers the world. All living creatures fear and fly from each other, and all fear and fly from man. Man fears man, and bolts and bars him out; nations fear nations, and erect forts and build iron-clads to resist his missiles of destruction. They give their fear gorgeous names and wave banners over it. Yet it is fear alone moves them. All men fear disease, want, and death. The man without fear never lived, though the vain braggart always is heard. When one of Napoleon's "bravest" marshals was borne from the field, wounded to death, he wildly called upon his emperor to save him,—he would not die. The most courageous being on earth is a pious woman: her unclouded faith enables her to face death as "brave" men do not. Yet fear is the most despicable of counsellors and the most destructive of companions. A man should turn his face from fear when he finds she is by his side. He should close his ears to her whisperings and go not in the way she points. Fear makes no converts to good, though they may enlist under the banners of right. He who calls up fear as a motive to well-doing is a false teacher.

Fear cannot lead to good, though she may drive towards it. Our constant effort should be to keep our souls above and beyond fear. It should never rule our actions. Much may be done to conquer fear by the steadfast consideration of how little harm can be done us. "Fear not them that can kill the body." This is the full extent of the power of evil. By reflection the naturally timid may become brave. Man is too weak to inspire fear; his power is too limited. Men talk much of courage, because they know how little of it they possess. The bravest and best-disciplined troops have been stricken with panic. How many men are willing to speak their honest sentiments on any subject? How many are willing to brave the popular impulse? Most men are not only too cowardly to speak the truth, but they will join the persecutors of the man who does, even though they believe he is right. Others besides Peter have said, "I do not know the man," though their hearts were with him. Great revolutions of thought have come from a common impulse, and no man led them. I saw the mob which the firing on Fort Sumter brought into life as it moved through the city of Philadelphia. It moved like a huge serpent. Its head would come to the corner of a street; there would be a moment's pause; then, as if it were one body, it would swing round and, without an apparent dissent, move in one direction. Man has tried to persuade himself that he does not fear, and in this delusion has created "heroes," and has often made

them from very flimsy material. Printers' ink has made many. Poets, to their eternal shame, have immortalized these fictions. Vanity has made more heroes than courage or patriotism. I was struck with the objects of art produced by an art association: they all represented destruction, cruelty, and pain. All were defending against objects of fear. No sign of love, save love in terror beating back the foe. What is the meaning of all this? Are the hearts of men never free from terror? Some would have our waters covered with naval armaments, our shores lined with forts, our land filled with soldiers. For what? For fear that some one will attack us. Away with such idle fears! Let our ships carry corn, not cannon; our shores be lined with peaceful habitations, not parapets; and our soldiers bear sheaves of grain, not knapsacks. Cease to apotheosize fear. See her as she is,—a misleading, misguiding spectre. Be brave,—not as the coward who carries the concealed weapon, but as the true man, who walks free, believing no man will harm him.

BOLDNESS A PARTY'S STRENGTH.

POLICY in a political party is weakness: it is born of timidity; and when a party listens to fearful or compromising counsels its end approaches. When it asks leave of its enemies, its mission is done. A timid man is no more fit to lead a party than a corrupt one: the one will be defeated, the other will sow the seeds of death. Uncompromising, unyielding devotion to its principles alone will maintain a party in life. When it begins to compromise, its death is near. If it has the power, it must rule absolutely, not heeding the murmurings of its opponents. No party can endure in the United States which has not unflinching boldness. If a selfish man endeavors to sow discord, it must drive him out. Temporary success may be gained by temporizing and shifting, but the party is weakened for future conflicts. Men who are looking for spoils are as unfit to lead a political party as an army. The tide of many a battle has been turned by reason of the victor's greed for spoils. The party which cannot suffer defeat does not deserve victory. If a party must have constant victory to live, it is not fit to live. The weakness of any party is in its office-seekers.

It is the office for which they seek, and not the permanency of the party. They are the parasites feeding on the party, and they care not if they devour it, so they get their fill. The only man who can stand firm to principle is the man who asks nothing, who wishes nothing. The soldier whom bounty causes to enlist will not endure as the soldier whom the cause led to join the ranks. Booty never made brave soldiers. Prayers to Heaven, not promises of spoils, made Cromwell's ironsides Invincible.

THE VOW OF INIQUITY.

THERE is a sort of vow of iniquity, made not in piety but in the rage of anger,—a vow of separation, a vow of eternal enmity, which pride keeps when reason and returned affection forbid it. This vow will not let the vower yield, though the life be sacrificed. The tongue of mischief will sneer if this hasty vow—made when the heart was filled with venom—should yield to a sense of duty, to remorse, or to returned reason. These malicious spirits, whose comments are feared, will bring no food to hunger, no clothing to cold, will not minister to the headache which comes in sympathy with the heart's sadness. They will work diligently to dig the grave in which hopes are to be buried; they are as busy as witches among the tombstones; but they will not assist to bind up a wound; they will pour no oil, though the open vinegar-cruet is always in their hands. Why should you heed the opinions of those who will do you no good? Then why should you regard their counsel when it is not to benefit you, but to gratify some malice of their own? Remember it is you who must suffer if you allow the speeches of others to induce you to act the part of folly. Remember it is you

who must bear the shame, not the counsellor. Akin to this is listening to the man who tells you there is no wrong in the action, which you know is meant to deceive ; he who would use your hand, hitherto unstained, to assist him in working out his scheme of fraud. Be assured that there is no innocent deception ; crime lurks in it. And criminal codes are now so far-reaching that deception is usually made a misdemeanor or felony by statute. One man does not sign another man's name without his authority in innocence. He does not send the forged letter for a proper purpose. I have seen innocence entrapped by crafty guilt, and men made criminals in ignorance. The scheming villain is plausible ; he assures his victim there is not the slightest wrong in that which he wishes done ; that no harm can come from it. But when the reckoning comes, when the penalty is to be paid, the tempter aggravates the crime and insists that the victim did it of his own volition. He has no aid to bring ; he will not assume the responsibility of the act ; it is his own escape for which he looks. He leaves his deceived victim to bear the shame, to bear the imprisonment. That man who deceives or persuades another into a criminal act will be the first to fly from him. Honor is found among honest men, not among thieves. Whatever there may be among them which has the appearance of honor is the bond of fear, and comes from the necessity of standing by each other. This test will always tell the inexperienced whether crime lurks in the

action : is it meant to deceive ? if it is, have no part in it. Look upon the man who suggests it as your deadliest enemy. The honest man does not hide behind the bush ; it is the highwayman and the murderer who does. The young man who prizes his good name may find it tarnished by one act of folly ; and he may wash it with many and bitter tears, but the stain remains. Remember this ; the world never pardons, never forgives. You may as well expect the amputated limb to grow again as a lost reputation to be restored. Once found false you will never be trusted. Fearful of the individual, timid capital has reposed its trust in corporations. They too have proved false, and so will they continue to be found. It is the hand of man which guides, whether the depositary bear a name of baptism and inheritance, or a name given by virtue of an act of incorporation. They fall alike, by the weakness of human nature, from the fitness of opportunity misnamed temptation, from opportunity which developed the thief ; temptation is from within, not from without ; from the fitting time and place. I have written no sketch drawn from fancy. I have written of that which I have seen. I cannot say that the man who consents to play a part in the drama of deception is wholly guileless, though he may not clearly see the character of the part which has been given him. A thoroughly honest nature would instinctively feel that there was something wrong. He who has to be taught honesty, like he who has to be

taught to be a gentleman, will always have the taint of the dross about him. Honest men and gentlemen, like poets, are "born, not made." If honesty must be proved by argument, it can never be known when the eyes of the thief will be looking over it.

ROMANCE'S DEATH.

THE first wail of infancy closes life's romance. Romance will not carry a babe on his back. Its tiny fingers close that part of the book of life in which its poetry is written, and open the page of prose. Romance is too selfish to be burdened with childhood. A mother does not sit on primrose banks to listen to the stream's lullaby; still she sings a song, but not for her own ear. She sings a song the most touching, not of selfish love; the song the angels sung over the babe of Bethlehem. Romance claims immortal love; the babe brings it as an inheritance. Childhood is the conqueror of selfishness; it demands self-sacrifice. It has but little to give in return for complete self-yielding. It takes much; it returns scantily; sometimes cruelty for unbounded love. As water runs downward, so does love; it takes force to turn it backward. Love belongs to its contemporaries; it knows not the generation which has passed. Age is wrong when it demands the love of youth; it can return no equivalent. It may, perhaps, claim something which goes by the name of gratitude,—a claim which is a burden to give and a burden to receive. The selfish will not yield it; the generous do not

desire it. Romantic love opens the gate of this more absorbing love, which but for it would remain closed. I presume it was put into the human heart as a harbinger of the love which loses self. Not until mother-love fills her own heart does she comprehend the full force of her mother's love. Mother-love alone can understand mother-love, can know its fulness.

“HONORABLE MENTION.”

A NEW judicial office had been suggested, and, as usual, before the place was provided a crop of candidates sprung up; for the hunger for office anticipates legislative action as well as death,—it never patiently waits. Law-makers and death move too slowly for it; it would hurry both. Gambling and office-seeking, which are near akin, alike dry up the human heart; both bring to the surface every atom of selfishness, and sink every kindly feeling. A young man was giving his opinion as to the fitting person. The office, said he, should be filled by a very young man, or by a very old one. The “young man” was himself, the “old man” his father. Strong, middle life was excluded. He was a type of which every community produces specimens. No respectable office is vacant for which their names are not mentioned. Every shoe in the shop will fit their feet, or rather their feet will fit every shoe. They are mentioned, but never chosen. Their time never comes: if they would wait his circuits, they might thrust their hands in his wallet as he passes; but they are always behind him. The community become weary of their names. A name cannot bear

too much sunshine: it will wither. If the office-seeker would keep in the race he must rest, for if he falls from exhaustion he can never join it again. Its track has no place for lameness, and it knows no resuscitation. The fainting candidate falls forever. It has no pity for weakness; no sympathy for wounds.

THE CHILD OF IGNORANCE.

OSTENTATION is the child of ignorance; it dies before self-knowledge. The wisest men are the humblest; not humble before their fellow-men, for that would be weakness bending to weakness, but humble before that great power which moves the universe. Possessions are no part of the man; he did not create them, and they will exist when dust dissipates his identity. Another weak man will call them his own and be equally vain of that which belongs to him only in his imagination. A piece of paper says they are his, and that is all. If poverty snatches that paper from his hand, they are no longer his. The only true possession the individual man has is his limited knowledge; that disease may obscure, derangement may hide, but its work death will not blot out. When I see a petty mortal, with not a trace even of human beauty in his face, ugly from the tips of his toes to the top of his head, who never has done anything of which the world could make a note, with paucity of intellect, without a single mental acquirement or accomplishment, acting as though he filled a large space in creation, I query of the use of wisdom. The slightest self-search

would make him miserable. Man as compared with his fellows may sometimes find room for self-congratulation ; but when he looks at his place in nature, save only for that soul which links him with the eternal, he would sink. Compare the most beautiful face with the complexion of the rose-leaf, and see the folly of the vanity of beauty. It is the soul alone, the receptacle of knowledge, which lifts us up. Earth, no matter what its shape may be, cannot ; that drags us to earth, where we die. The body may be fed, and it grows gross and sinks to earth ; the soul may be fed, and it grows stronger for its upward flight.

THE "BAD BOOK."

MAN'S intolerant self-esteem will never permit him to learn the lesson that thought cannot be forced or killed. If true, it cannot be destroyed; if inane, neglect it and it will die. Force tears off the rags from a falsehood, which would otherwise perish, and clothes it in attractive garments. Men then embrace her, who otherwise would pass her in contempt. No advertisement equals that of the law's condemnation of a book. Silence is the gulf which would swallow it. The overt act alone, not words, should the law punish. A republic needs no censor, and the people of the United States will permit no official to say what they shall read. If he says to them, You shall not, they reply, We will. Trust the people, trust the common conscience, they will separate the tares from the wheat. Humanity and human thought have made their progress in spite of power. Governments in their very nature go backward. Power hates the new, for it may break it. It is the people behind it who push it forward, or beneath who upheave it. No greater folly than for a government to make war upon a book. Such a war starts the presses and incites the reader. This

plain lesson, written all over the pages of the past, still is unheeded, because power is always drunk, never sober. It is the nature of power to intoxicate. If the people let go the reins for a moment, destruction menaces them. Who is to decide whether the book is bad? There are men who would drive out a book if it denied their creeds. The maxims upon which our government is built have been deemed heresies, and destructive of all social order. Their advocates have gone to the scaffold. No man lives who is wise enough to declare, This is true and that is false. No body of men that ever assembled had truth and wisdom ever sitting among them. Falsehood and folly always had seats, and self-deception never ceased to flap her clammy wings over them. The spirit of evil has no weapon more powerful than a pernicious book; and he who writes one does not sin as a man, but as a fiend. The pleasure of reading is in the fact that the writer thinks for us. The mind is engaged without any effort of its own. It simply absorbs. The only remedy is to make the mind healthy; then like the healthy palate it will reject the unwholesome food. I have no confidence in the reforming power of force, of the healthfulness of repression. Vile writers, like vile humors in the body, must be allowed to burst forth; let it be seen that they are but corruption; if confined, the poison circulates through the whole body. Let force punish, it cannot restrain. Waters will gather and finally overleap any barrier; so with human thought, if right,

it will gather till the obstructions of power are over-leaped or torn asunder. The less power shows itself the longer will it last. The less it commands the more will it be obeyed. But few men need to be governed by other men ; and he who assumes he is fit to govern should serve.

THE STEADFAST HEART.

THE spirit of independence is in the man, not in the fortune. Sycophancy is in the blood, not in the purse. It is self-respect which refuses the favor, not the pocket-book. He must be rich is said of the man who does not stoop. He may be, or he may not be; poverty would not bend him. Loftiness is in the soul, not in banks and lands. The brave soul is firm, though it has no earthworks to support it. The lover of notoriety has not a steadfast heart. That spirit makes him restless and unstable. He cares not whose banner he bears so that he unfurls it and the multitude shout. He will paint his name upon the rocks if men will read it. It is not abiding fame he seeks, that is above him; it is the noise of to-day. This spirit makes a man wretched. Repose is necessary to happiness, and this man has none. Age does not calm him; disappointment does not cure him. If he could he would die upon the mountain-top where all men might witness his exit in life's drama. Note his wandering eyes, watching for recognition. His speech ever ready, and if possible to the exclusion of every other voice. He fails in his object: people look at him,

but in weariness. He watches for notice as the fisher-bird watches for prey; if he catches it, he devours it in greediness. A man in love with notoriety cannot be true to any cause. He is false, not from treachery, but from vanity. He will desert to lead, and return if he fails. His tongue is his foe, and his speech destroys him. Full of vanity himself, he has no respect for other men's self-love. He tramples that he may climb. Bitter failure is the fate of such a man. The world soon turns its eyes from the man on exhibition, from the man of antics and somersaults. We don't care to look long upon the man who is balancing on his head. No effort can command fame, no juggling tricks can insure notoriety. Uneasiness brings not fame, for it refuses steadfast work. Forget yourself in your work if you would obtain men's praise. He who toils for praise alone will never get it. Men do not praise a man for what he does for himself, but for that which he does for them. This disease is incurable; it leads to a species of insanity; to insane delusions of the importance of self. Counsel to a man filled with this spirit is lost. In vain do you point to his failures as evidences of the truth of your counsel. I know of no passion so absorbing, no passion which shuts out reason like unto the passion for notoriety. A man may have the passion within him, and it may never be awakened; but if aroused, the only sleep it will know will be the sleep of death. Such a man never grows old; he never heeds the birthdays which are

flying by. His great work is yet to be done. True, it is not begun, but the future has boundless time. Such a man is full of envy. He hears the trumpet, which sounds not for him, as though it was the screech-owl's cry. It fills his soul with envy. Envy walks with every selfish spirit; and the seeker after notoriety is enveloped with self as with a cloud. I know no more unhappy spirit. Driven as by a demon, he knows no rest.

INTELLECT CANNOT BE DULLED TO HAPPINESS.

IT would seem as though nature designed that there should be equality among men. If she gives personal beauty she suffers years or disease to take it away, and the suffering and grief for its loss far over-balance any joy it ever gave. Superiority of intellect brings greater capacity for unhappiness. This is the old story, told in the biography of genius. It has been said that many of the woes of genius could have been avoided by common prudence ; but the man had not the prudence, and so he suffered for want of it. Money will banish the ills of poverty ; yet if the man has not the money the poverty must remain. The content of the dull is said to be negative happiness ; still, is not that better than positive misery ? The keen edge may be dulled, but violence must do it. The eagle may not fly ; but his wings must be stripped or broken. Intellect cannot be dulled to happiness. I doubt whether the greatest writing ever penned gave any happiness to the author,—it sapped his life's blood and gave no return. It is the reader who gets the benefit, not the writer. When nature gives more strength, she binds

greater burdens. If every man was known, no man would be envied. Men hide to appear happy. Not until his spirit is broken does man confess his grief. But for pride life would be a wail ; that keeps men silent.

MEN TEAR THE THREAD OF THEIR LIVES.

DEATH does not always cut the thread of men's lives ; they have torn it strand by strand ; they leave nothing to cut. Men pile up money, not to reap good, but to struggle for life. The fortune is gained, the health wasted in getting it, then it is used to seek some spot, not where comfort may be found, but where life may be coaxed to stay in the worn-out body. A grand conclusion for a life's work ! Its strong years spent that a few miserable ones may with difficulty be held. They have not used life, they have torn it. They think they have seen life, they have but anticipated death. In spite of gloomy hymns, of dyspeptic essays of teachers who dwell in caverns, there is real joy in life if men would be content with that which is in the world, and not wear themselves out in seeking that which is not to be found. It is in mistaking life's capacity that men make themselves miserable ; and in their greed to get the means to buy that which no man has to sell, they make other men wretched. Material earth, no matter how much of it may be shovelled up, cannot comfort the soul. Cost is not happiness. I said to a client to-day, Be calm ; heat will not aid us. We are all chasing phantoms. The difference is, some have a notion they are phantoms,

others believe they are realities. The good of earth we will overlook. We all believe it is necessary to struggle as we do; that the waters of want will engulf us if we for one moment are still. Yet we may move in pain or in calmness. Then again comes the objection,—all men are not strong. Many are so weak that nothing but the most desperate efforts keep them from sinking. The sensitive, the timid, the shrinking, those lacking in self-confidence, I see them around me, and I see the strong bearing down upon them. The noblest souls I know barely get their daily bread. Men have always seen this; none can explain it. None can point out a remedy. All of the remedies destroy the individual. A man cannot be made a cog in a wheel. And this distress another man cannot destroy; if he gives money, he but puts another sorrow in the place of the one he pushed out; the sorrow of dependence, the grief for loss of self-respect. He gives ease to the body and pain to the soul. He saves the tenement, but ruins the tenant. If we carry another we weaken his limbs. If we assist him, we wound him. “Charity” cannot relieve him; it but changes the burden. Which way shall we turn? We cannot give all men strength,—no organization can do that. We do but little for a man when we simply keep breath in his body. No man will grow strong who leans on another. The man who is always looking for help will grow weaker every day. Each man must solve this problem for himself; another cannot do it for him.

LITERARY ASPIRATIONS.

MANY aspire, many attempt, yet but few are chosen. Aspiration is not performance. Self-esteem is not ability. But few the names which live in literature. The dictionary will supply the words, but the writer must supply the thought. Words float around us, the common property of all men; thought dwells alone. Printed pages make not literature. I read the other day that a certain politician had "literary aspirations." Life is pretty well advanced upon him, and yet he has only breathed the wish; most likely it will be but a breath,—an aspiring. Breathing a wish will not do; it would be better to show his aspiration by a work. The great difficulty with men who have "aspirations" is that they do not begin. Perhaps if they did they would only discover their want of power. So the "aspiration" fills the imagination, when it would collapse before the real work. The gulf between the wish and the performance is so wide that few can leap over it. If in this man's life, if in his contact with men, he thinks he has observed that which has not already been noted, or that he can present some motive of human action in a more striking light, let

him give it to the world, not as literary work, not as a workman who simply manipulates words, but as a producer of mental food. The world is weary of literary work, of delvers in the worked-out mine. If he has discovered a new mine, no matter how few the nuggets, let him display them ; but no polishers and burnishers of old gold are wanted. Thought-producers are always welcome ; literary workers are useless. They wear off the golden thought ; they do not brighten it. Certain historical characters should be allowed to rest. Some writers can only find material in graveyards. They are ever digging among the tombs. The probability is that this literary "aspirant" has nothing to give ; that he will never come out of the land of dreams. Years have taught that which youth does not know, that public life rarely brings permanent fame, and that its work does not touch the hearts of men. Its questions are transient and mostly selfish. Its talk is of merchandise, and touches not the soul ; and that touch alone can give a lasting place in the bosoms of men. A few words with the divine brush will live ; the speeches of public men mostly die with their birth. Ages cannot cover with dust the sublimity to be found in books ; yet the spot where cities stood cannot be marked. There may seem to be an asperity in the above. I admit it, but the presumption which assumes that it can do that which it has never attempted is so nauseating and so general that it excites indignation and contempt. Show me your work ; do not tell me of

your "aspirations." Let me see your performance, not your self-confidence. If you have the gift of the writer, it will manifest itself. It will write, not aspire. I am satisfied from what I have seen of men that it is the delusion of vanity, the shelter of envy, which assumes that they have undeveloped powers. No poverty can chill the hand of him who has the gift to write. We display all of our wares in the market of life. We have no concealed packages; and if our goods are faulty and defective, or if our stock is limited, still have we shown all we have. When the column of our performances is added up, the total is our value. We may think it should be more, that we could have made it more; this is but self-deception. The crop may be gathered early, or it may be gathered late. Yet early or late it is our only harvest. We may say it was blighted; that is not so; the soil would produce no more. Others can aid us but little. If we have anything to give we will give it, and we need not the aid of others to open the mind's coffers, or, to speak more strictly, if others aid in their opening. Yet as the man is, so will he be found,—full or empty. Others may fill him with borrowed thoughts, but the man's own soul alone can fill him with new. He need not write who borrows. It is better to read the original than the quotation. Act; do not sit and breathe and call it "aspiration." You may plough a field in your dreams, but its grain will not feed you. Dream-land is cheap, and easily cultivated. "Aspirations" may be breathed as you

rock to and fro in the easy-chair. You may fall asleep breathing them, and dream you see your name on the back of the thumbed volume. Yet will it not be there. It is all toil. Is it not a pleasure for you to write? said a friend to me. No: it is labor. I would prefer to sit in indolence. I have the gift of laziness. Yet I try to reject the gift. Often the spirit conquers me, and I do not wish to raise my hand. I, too, have had "literary aspirations" from my boyhood. I have tried to write, and from that time have I rushed into print; and I suppose while I can hold a pen I will be telling other men what I think of them, and I fear, telling too much of myself. The world does not care for our opinion of ourselves. Those who know us have labelled us, and it is vain for us to tell them their superscription is wrong; that we are much better, greater, wiser than they have written us down. They will not change the label or put us on another shelf. We may think we are far superior to the company in which they have placed us, yet will they not take us down and transfer us. They heed not that which we say of ourselves, except as food for ridicule. Success to the man of "literary aspirations." May the balloon never burst or take fire. May he never be dragged over the sharp points of critics' pens. May he continue to dream of that which he is to do, and may the fairies bind chaplets upon his brows, for mortals never will. No man is content with the place assigned him, be it at a feast or at a meeting of his profession. He is

astonished when he learns the plane upon which he is put; he is indignant at the companionship which is assumed to be his equal; he is offended that he is not put higher. If he is asked to address a public meeting he is astounded at the place assigned him, that such a man should be thought his equal. On these occasions he sees the weights which are put in the scale to balance him. He thought he far outweighed them. Neither are right. One is an over-estimate, the other an under-valuing.

INGRATES ARE BORN OF FLATTERERS.

A MAN who requires too much deference will not have reliable friends. His equals will not yield it to him, and those who do yield it follow him for gain. Manifested and offensive self-esteem destroys friendship, for it forbids equality, which is the life of friendship. True friendship can only exist among equals. There must be neither looking upward nor downward. We cannot see a friend if we have to look downward for him; a mist obscures him. We cannot see him by looking upward, for he is out of the reach of our vision. Self-conscious men are not agreeable. To please others self must be forgotten. If we are thinking of the impression we are making, we may be assured that it is unfavorable. Personality jars personality; and he who most presses self back will be the most beloved. Our personality has sharp angles, and they wound the self-love of others. The most uncomfortable companion is he whose dignity is tender and must be cared for. His equal will not sufficiently respect it; he therefore turns to his inferiors. To be agreeable we must be without timidity. Timidity of manner may flatter a sort of vanity, but it burdens alike

its possessor and he who inspires it. No man bows low from love. He does it through fear or interest. Ingrates are born of flatterers. The ingrate is made, because the office is bestowed upon the suitor, not upon the worthy. If he who has an office to give would bestow unasked upon the fitting he would not have reason to complain of ingratitude. Humiliation is followed by ingratitude. When he stoops to enter the ingrate appears. He who requires humility must expect ingratitude. The proud man is not ungrateful. The ingrate picks up the pieces of torn self-respect and fashions the robe of unthankfulness. He who demands deference must not expect to have a friend. Fear drives out love. I saw a young girl who was bathing in the ocean wave her hat to "pap" as if to a girl companion. I said to a friend standing near me, I do not know who "pap" is, but I am sure he is a "good fellow." His daughter loves him, and not only shows no signs of fear, but her manner proves that there is a loving companionship between them. I tried to distinguish "pap," but could not for the crowd. The man who requires that all the offices of friendship shall minister to him will never have a friend. They who carry obeisance expect to return with their baskets filled with favors. It is not friendship's offering they bring, but goods to the market. Man was not born to do reverence to his fellow-man. When it is given, violence is done to a law of nature. As all have the infirmities of a common humanity, so none can be so

far above the others as to demand humility. The weakness of man becomes not a god. To obtain this reverence ignorance and superstition have been called to the aid of darkness ; for the theatre of the human mind must be darkened for these gloomy shadows to appear. To know friendship she must be met. She will not come to us as we sit still. She obeys no demands. She answers no imperious calls. She comes because she is met, or comes not at all.

WE STUMBLE AT OUR OWN DEEDS.

NO care will keep the path of life smooth. Each day we throw a stone in our own way and stumble over it. We will speak the foolish word and repent ; or, in a moment of anger, we send the bitter taunt which is never forgotten,—a bullet which no probing can reach. And we resolve that to-morrow we will be wise ; and before the day ends folly again mocks us and counts one more score against us. While the theory of a “ruling passion” is contradicted by experience, yet are these geysers of hot, scalding, ebullitious temper ready at any moment to burst forth. Our words are often more terrible than we imagine ; perhaps he is ready to faint from wounds received, and our wound is the crushing blow. Of nothing have I repented as of hot, bitter words ; but while I could sorrow for them, he to whom they were spoken could not forget them. Words need more guarding than actions. Words are ready ; action has more hesitation. But I need not write of that which every day’s experience points out and confirms.

MAN AND WOMAN.

MEN find joy in mirth ; women in tears. I make this statement from my observation of the audiences of the theatre. A play which is washed in tears draws women,—largely the young, for the old have shed too many tears over real woe, though they will weep with the young if present ; men are ashamed to weep ; women love to bathe their faces in drops of fictitious sorrow. Yet men are more ready to open their purses ; quicker with the helping hand. The woman pities and passes on ; the man has not so much sentiment, but he stops to help. I am afraid that pressing women into men's occupations must work evil for both sexes. A woman by early and severe toil may acquire a man's strength, but it sacrifices the woman. The desire for personal beauty is the strongest wish of a woman's heart. She may overcome it, when the attractive form and face have been utterly denied her ; but she will cling to the faintest charm, and refuse to yield to the monitions of time, all of which is inconsistent with severe, patient toil. She makes but an indifferent imitation of man. She lacks strength. Man must always bear the heavy burden. In some respects her moral per-

ceptions are higher than those of man ; in others, she is below him. How far this is due to education cannot be known. Man has taught her that to be faithful to him is her highest duty ; that her chief ornament is his chain about her neck ; and other faults are condoned if she is true to this exaction. One virtue alone has been taught her ; and it is not to be wondered at that she has disregarded others. I am not writing a catalogue of her defects ; when I have none myself I will undertake it. If a woman feels that a husband is not necessary to her happiness, it is her right to live alone. The first duty of every man and every woman is to himself, to herself ; the duty to society is secondary. Neither is called upon to sacrifice himself or herself for others. God requires no sacrifice, and man should not. Duty is not a sacrifice, and calls for none. One man is not required to die for another ; each life is equally precious. God never required a death, save as a debt due to nature. The first inquiry which every man and woman should make is, What course will bring me most happiness ? If he or she thinks that toiling for others, and forgetting self, will bring most of joy, let them so live, and raise a crop of ingrates. I would not deny woman access to any pursuit or profession. She is in mine and I do not object. I do not think it is suited to her, but that is for experience to test. In my opinion the end will be a revolution, coming from the utter failure to make men of women ; for men they must be in thought

and strength if they would do man's work. No doubt that many chains which selfishness and jealousy have forged should be broken. And a woman should be as free as a man. If she wants his coat, let her wear it, if she feels easier in it. In the past she has had much to complain of in man's dealings with her. And that he has thus unjustly dealt with her shows that he is the stronger. The weak are not unjust to the strong. Unbind the limbs, cut the cords of craft, of military domination and superstition, and let the man, the woman be free,—free, as Jefferson puts it, “to pursue their own happiness.” Still man's duties and woman's duties are apart: in the order of nature it is so; their mingling must bring unhappiness to both. Individual women may be benefited by entering man's domain; because they have especial strength and are not hampered by a truly feminine nature. In their disposition nature has encroached upon man. The more of the woman the less of desire to escape from woman's attributes. Those who desire to escape quarrel with their womanhood. They are discontent with it. Most that woman does she does less thoroughly, less perfectly, than man. She has written well, yet she has never equalled that which man has written. As a sovereign, it has been a man's strong hand which has given glory to her reign. Nature has set her limits; she has prescribed her bounds, and they cannot be passed. Her laws must be obeyed or the penalty suffered. Violent methods accomplish

no good purpose. Woman cannot be benefited by anything which does violence to the laws of her being. The interests of men and women are not separate, they are linked together; woman cannot be degraded without lowering man. It is human rights, not man's rights or woman's rights, which should be regarded. What is best for both?

“SOCIAL POSITION.”

“SOCIAL position” depends upon assumption and presumption with sufficient money or assurance to maintain them ; without these requisites it can neither be obtained nor retained. It has no laws, for it has no legislators or executive to make or enforce them. It fluctuates with fortune, accident, and dies from weakness. The gypsies are said to have queens whose authority all recognize, but the social clans have none. Various usurpers arise, but the crown is never bestowed. Its normal state is war ; its chief weapon detraction ; this arrow whizzes as it passes through the air the inquiry, “ Who is he ? ” No answer is expected ; the bow is drawn to wound. Social position, as it is generally understood, is absolutely useless : it brings no business ; it brings no profit ; it brings no happiness ; nothing but unrest. I say it brings nothing, in truth it is never found. Queens have been accused (I use the word accused with a knowledge of its meaning) of having poor relations ; and poor relations will undermine any social position. All are held responsible for their relations. It is true they have not been searched for or asked for or desired, yet they exist to plague and shame the holder of social position. Never seek for social position if you desire it ; assume that you have it ; and if you have assurance enough and persistence

enough, your title to a dwelling-place in this coveted land will be as good as that of any other schemer. No action of ejectment can be maintained against you, because, while there will be malcontents enough to issue writs which question your title, there is no court whose decisions are respected to try your title, and no social sheriff to eject you. When you get out, you simply fall out of the bed of imagination in which you have been dreaming; you awake and find that you have been searching for dreamland, and are on a floor made of common pine boards. You cannot get away from "common" things and "common people." You must breathe common air and eat ordinary bread; and while God will give you the air you do not deserve, as you have called his creatures common, yet your bread depends upon the toil of common people, without whom you could not live one day. If a superior being notes the doings of men, how contemptible must seem this struggle for precedence; not precedence from good and useful works, but precedence in worthlessness. If social position was to be gained by usefulness, by good works; if the better the man the higher his social position, to acquire it would be commendable; but the height of social position is in inverse proportion to usefulness. Its loudest claimant is the idler; it bars out the worker. Social position permits not the dust of toil to rest upon it. Its votaries are as useless as hooting owls; they sleep by day and devour by night. Useful men have shipwrecked their

happiness in their craving for social position. It catches the eye of the young, for it glitters. It is covered with tinsel; but he will find that the search for it does not push him forward in life. It is the mass of the people who do that. It will not teach him the true courtesy of life, for selfishness dwells in all its borders. It is the land of self, and every one who assumes to possess it has an outstretched hand to push all other voyagers back into the "common" sea of humanity. Give yourself no concern as to your social position; your honor may be taken away from you, but your self-respect never; that you must lose or throw away; and if you have that for your support you will not wear your life out in seeking social position. This weakness seems to be undermining our social system. It discards true merit; and true merit forgets itself when it bows to this usurpation. Choose your friends from those who love you; they who love you not, avoid. Do not make yourself wretched by seeking the society of those who care not for you. No gilding, no forms, no hollow courtesy can supply the place of love. You cannot force yourself to a permanent position in any social circle. You may be far superior, yet for artificial reasons the doors may be closed against you. This does not lessen you or injure you, for it may be unworthy of you. You become contemptible only when you persist in knocking at doors which have been shut against you. You must float into society as the chip floats upon the stream, and

not think to stem it, as the vessel driven by steam. No man can be despised unless he makes himself despicable. No matter what may be his position from birth,—fortune or misfortune,—if he respects himself he will never be despised. Sneers are for those who seek and are rejected ; never for the man who dignifies his position, whatever that may be. I repeat, that no man can confer honor upon another man. He may give him baubles, which are called honors, but they do not change the man ; he remains as nature and his own actions have made him. It is the fallacy of supposing that others can honor, which has led to this search in misery for social position. True happiness is disregarded, peace of mind is sacrificed, self-respect trampled upon for a thing as empty and valueless as the balloon which amuses the child through the summer's day ; save that the toy gives joy to the child as he sees it float through the air, while the other is but misery in vanity. To be self-contained, unmoved by the opinions of others, is the great secret of happiness ; there is none like unto it. He who fixes his happiness upon the opinions of others, who weighs his joy as others think well or ill of him, will be ever miserable.

Honor cannot be acquired by office. If it is conferred because the man is worthy, he was worthy before it was conferred. The office did not make him worthy. If he is unworthy, the office cannot make him worthy. The office may expose his unfitness and incompetency, but it cannot give either fit-

ness or competency. In itself office brings no honor, and no honor is given with it. It gives opportunity for service or failure. I have been told of men who have sought office for the purpose of acquiring social position. Nothing more delusive. While the office remains, a certain kind of deference is shown from interest, which ends with the office. He is a weak man and lacking in manly spirit who accepts social invitations while in office, which would not be given him as a man without the office. Position built upon office crumbles with the loss of the office. A man sinks or rises to the level of his manhood. Office is a wave that lifts him only to leave him stranded upon the shore when it recedes. If social position comes to you, it is well ; but never chase it, for it can never be caught. It is empty when the wind blows it in your hand ; it is a false light leading you through mire when you run after it. I see so much cringing, and such a lack of true pride of character, that in my contempt I may go beyond the true line, set up a false pride, and call forth an unsocial spirit ; but it is better to lean back than to bend forward. It is better to be unsocial than fawning ; a misanthrope than a sycophant. Manhood is sold cheap, no matter what its price may be ; for there is no price which is an equivalent for it. My wish is to administer a tonic which will give firmness to the man. Interest is always tempting a surrender of manhood. Power has no love for the independent spirit ; it loves him who seeks its favors.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

EARTH has no bitterness which equals the bitterness produced by office-seeking. Nothing so quickly drives friends apart. It has a curse upon its lips and a dagger in its bosom. It will heap the one upon him who has not done all which was expected of him, and strike the other in the back of the friend who stands in the way. All is staked upon it; so that success is life, failure death. It makes no allowance for changed circumstances, for inability to perform promises. Nothing can be seen but the disappointment. It neglects business and generally ends in bankruptcy. I have known but few men benefited by it. It has made more drunkards and more outcasts than any social force. The man who leaves the independence of private business to seek an office commits the error of his life. If he succeeds he is a slave; if he fails he is ruined. I know of no slavery like that which binds the office-holder who has neither fortune nor business to fall back upon in the event of losing his place. He startles at every shadow of opposition; his lips are sealed for fear of giving offence. I do not mean to say that this bitterness always follows him into his relations with

life apart from his office-seeking, for it does not. Some of the most kindly men I know have held office most of their lives. This is especially true of those who hold minor places. It is the strife of office-seeking of which I write,—the conflict of rivals. Slanders fall like hailstones in a storm. Bitterness drops from one corner of the mouth and invective from the other. Humanity is buried, and hate dances on its grave. Demons take the place of men. War has its code of honor; office-seeking has none.

SELF-ASSERTION.

HOW shall a man assert himself? Many men fail in life for want of self-assertion. Yet many fail from too much self-confidence. Of those who fail from too much self-confidence, I include those who fail from expansion in trade. Of all the causes of failure this is the most constant and uniform. A moderate success, due to accident, favorable location, demand for a certain class of goods, or fashion is interpreted to be the result of great business capacity. Enlargement and extension follow; debts are contracted in confidence: the fashion changes; the tide of business turns, and the confident aeronaut falls to the ground, a cripple for life. He has mistaken his capacity. Men are defeated in the battle of life because they do not know the calibre of their guns. They overcharge them and are themselves destroyed. This is the antithesis of shrinking modesty, the virtue of other men, not of its advocate. I heard a person say that he intended to assert himself in life as he had not done; and wondering how he intended to do it, or whether it could be done, led me to this contemplation. No doubt some men are more self-assertive than others. Yet how does it benefit them?

Certain it is, that self-assertion without a basis of merit will not accomplish much; and the want of a true basis will be discovered, no matter how confident may be the assertion. If there be a firm basis, self-assertion is not necessary. Some of the most self-assertive men I have known were the most miserable failures; and some of the most self-confident the most unfortunate. Perhaps I have already tried to describe a type of man whom I have frequently met. He has of his own abilities and acquirements the most exalted opinion, when dreaming alone. Yet as soon as he is called upon to exercise them, fear seems to paralyze him. If such a man is a lawyer, in private conversation he fears no opponent, yet the moment he stands before the court he is dumb, or his incoherency shows his troubled spirit. When I was a student I knew such a man. On the street he had a face of brass, a tongue of iron, yet before the court his embarrassment was painful to behold. Their confidence seems to desert them when they most need it. They have no reserve force. In a mental conflict, as on the field of battle, a reserve is often necessary to save from a rout. Another peculiarity of these men is that their public defeats and failures do not lessen their opinion of themselves. That seems to be built on a rock, and the waves of defeat do not touch it. The most self-sufficient men I have known were the weakest in the conflicts of life. They were cowards when the storm came. In politics I have seen them hide in terror before a

threat, though it may have been guilt which filled them with fear, as well as conscious weakness. But as to the other class of which I am writing it is hard to understand why their assurance leaves them just when they need it. Self-esteem they most certainly have to the utmost of self-delusion; and it is not until they are brought to some test that they discover their deficiencies, and then they do not see them clearly, but are overwhelmed by them. Self-assertion is generally loud and unpleasant, and provokes resistance. Self-assertion must speak by works, not by boasting or assumption. I have seen men literally swell out their cheeks with the breath of their self-importance. Such a manifestation could only excite ridicule. A fine personal presence is a great aid to self-assertion; but it must have a backing of personal power. I have frequently heard the expression, "I consider myself as good as he is." Such an assertion generally accompanies inferiority; it is the inferior man who thus speaks. For the purposes of life we are weighed in the scales of others; we are not balanced in our own. If we are wise we will keep our own scales carefully hid. We may take them out when we believe the world to be unjust, and weigh ourselves for our own satisfaction and comfort; but we must put the result in the deepest pocket and keep it there. The ending of my contemplation is that my acquaintance cannot assert himself to his advantage. That an attempt to do it will only make enemies and bring a harvest of con-

tempt. Toil is the true lever of self-assertion. That will lift us up. An idler sitting at a club window may tell romances of his ancestors, and swell in self-assertion. Yet when the story is done he is but the miserable driveller still. His assertions of self have not added one ounce to his true weight. If you desire to assert yourself, work. Proclaiming your importance on the street corners will not give you any. There is no such thing as self-assertion. Taking your true place in life is not self-assertion, for if you are not fitted for it you will not maintain it. The useful man has no time for self-assertion. One of Napoleon's marshals is reported to have said that on the field of battle he had not time to be afraid. He is a failure who needs to assert himself. Have no time for self-assertion, and soon you will need none.

THE MARTYRS OF ERROR.

WE seem to be entering upon an era of Puritanism in its most tyrannical and offensive forms. It may be a reaction from the license produced by the late civil war, for that war opened the gates of an iniquity which poured over the land, almost drowning virtue. Indictment has taken the place of argument. The policeman and the local magistrate sit in judgment upon literature, and one man decides what millions shall read. Tyranny is ever encroaching ; intolerance is ever arrogating to itself the right to think for others. The narrow forehead seeks to dominate over the broad brow. That which this spirit condemns the public will read. I write for no book ; but it is my purpose to judge of what I shall read, and not to seek my guide in the decisions of a criminal court. I abhor an impure book as the most inexcusable form of depravity, produced without temptation, save greed and a desire for infamous notoriety. It is that which is condemned which is desired, that which is hid which is longed for, and that which is denied which is sought for. Freedom kills license. A curse of the earth is its self-appointed censors,—ignorant, snivelling hypocrites.

They excuse their meddlesome natures under the plea of care for the youth. The "young man" has been a masked battery for this army of invaders. They would control the thought of men, not by reason, but by force. Suppression produces revolt, and revolt leads to excess. Leave mere error of sentiment and opinion free to run their course. Error may have its martyrs as well as truth, with the same result,—the spread of error. This is the teaching of history, has been often noted, and I but repeat what others have said. Still the lesson is forgotten. Men are not content ; they will run where relief is promised. They will not adhere to ancient forms if experience shows they fail to make men happy. Let men run after the new. If they find it too fails, they will return to the old. One body of men are engaged in putting manacles on men, or in riveting them tighter ; a few are striving to unloose them. So the conflict goes on. More chains are the only remedy some men know ; unbind him is the relief of others. Hierarchies were contrived to enslave men, and creeds to imprison the spirit. Progress has struggled against both.

NATURE WILL NOT BE MOVED.

MAN has always thought the gifts of fortune superior to the gifts of nature. He worships the one and slights the other. Yet fortune may change, while nature only changes to fade. Fortune may increase, nature is irrevocable; she gives no more. Therefore are nature's gifts the higher, though her favorites are the most ungrateful. They give her no thankfulness for what she has bestowed, but repine that fortune did not also come. Perhaps it is because men may win fortune, and nature cannot be wooed. Fortune will listen to invitation; nature neither listens nor responds. Fortune is in our hands; nature is beyond us. Fortune may be hoped for; but if nature has maimed us we limp through life. If we considered that which nature has done for us, we would murmur less at fortune's neglect. The strong body, the clear mind, how glorious they are! What is a column of figures in a bank-book in comparison? Can money deck as beauty can? Costly raiment is a poor substitute for the clear eye and the fair brow. If beauty could be bought, its price would be boundless. Nature refuses to enlarge her gifts.

HUMANITY.

A POLICY which appeals to a nation's selfishness will be sure to find favor. If it is thought to impoverish or injure another nation, its success will be greater. Considerations of the rights of all men, of the brotherhood of humanity, move not. What will we gain? is the question and answer. Patriotism is founded upon selfishness. A river or an imaginary line marks the boundaries of opposing patriots. It is the virtue of self. If nations had been less selfish perhaps they would have lived longer. He is not a patriot who looks beyond the bounds of his own country. Yet are not other nations men? Selfishness shrivels the individual, may it not dwarf a nation? Nations wish to sell; but they do not wish to buy. It is the miser's creed,—take and give not. If one man sought to be unselfish amid selfishness, he would be ruined. The selfishness of one compels the selfishness of others. So it is with nations. Wider intelligence will bring a more generous spirit. We will learn that another's loss is not of necessity our gain; that if I impoverish my neighbor, he impoverishes me. The rich cannot continue to grow richer, and the poor grow poorer; ruin will finally

overwhelm both. A religion which appeals to self, which makes favorites on earth and in heaven, will never lack believers. A man once said to me that one of the enjoyments of a rainy day was to sit at the window and see others exposed to the storm. And with some this spirit gives zest to the anticipated heaven. The contemplation of the misery of the lost adds to the joy of the saved. I cannot believe that this is the better spirit. Care for others applies equally to nations, to religions, and to social life. We are not justified in hating a man because he will not believe with us; and another's misery cannot add to our joy. One cheat makes other cheats. Men are forced by dishonor to be dishonorable if they would attain success. The gain of baseness teaches it. We should gain more by adding to another's prosperity than by taking from it.

ARE LAWYERS NECESSARY?

ARE lawyers necessary? If the community does not need them, if it would be better without them, then they should not exist. No body of men should be maintained solely for the benefit of its members. It is the return which they make that justifies their existence. I shall not repeat that which I have already said upon this subject, and shall offer but a single thought. Up to this moment the service they have rendered the world is beyond all estimate. They are the authors of political freedom. They conceived and wrote the Constitution of the United States, the Declaration of Independence, and almost every document of freedom in the world. When a man's rights are invaded, be they of property or person, to whom does he go? To the lawyer. As a living bulwark of man's rights they have ever stood. No free nation can afford to lose this body of men. I believe but for the lawyers our free institutions would cease to exist. I never knew a lawyer to shrink from fear. Undaunted in the defence of their clients they always have been. If freedom is good for man, lawyers are necessary to maintain it. It is not maintained by craft of priest or

king, or by the force of armies. It is lawyers who have educated the people up to freedom in France, in England, in the United States, and in every nation where it exists. In trained intellectual power it is superior to all other professions and pursuits. It attracts the flower of the youth. It is marvellous how many of the greatest writers in literature are lawyers by profession. I put my answer to this inquiry upon this single proposition: they are necessary to freedom. The question is being asked, and I thus make my answer. Wherever reason rules in the councils of a nation, lawyers lead. Without lawyers we would not to-day be a free people. The profession has its blemishes, its blots and blurs; they are spots on its bright escutcheon, and should be removed. Greed and imagined necessity lead some of its members into crooked paths in order to obtain business, still they are but few. Most lawyers practise their profession with honor. What is the burden of every lawyer's speech before court or jury? It is an argument for the right. No doubt in every man's breast there is a sense of natural justice; but it takes study to formulate it and fit it for society.

The objection to all schemes which are the coinage of the dreamer's brain, of all theories which do not arise as the grass comes out of the ground from natural laws, is that they disregard human nature. For them to be effective men must change; the projector's ideal man must take the place of the real man. Man as he is needs a body of men trained in

the knowledge of human laws which are the growth of experience. If men change, their institutions will change with them. It is the man who makes the institutions, and not the institutions which make the man, though they may keep men in the line. Men are led to but a limited extent: the living voice of the common impulse is called the leader; but the thought preceded him. This impulse for freedom lawyers have always responded to. It is true there have been judges who were the tools of tyrants, but their exceptional character has left them monuments of infamy. The history of the struggle for freedom would be a darker page but for the work of lawyers. The Puritans of New England were governed by ecclesiastics; therefore their freedom was only for those who thought with them. The Quakers of Pennsylvania had no priests, and in no colony were the rights of all men respected as in Penn's colony. It is when dogmas are profitable that men become persecutors. It is when they minister to ease, luxury, pride, and power that they fire alike the heart of him who wears the cowl or the mitre. No crowned ecclesiastic has ever been the friend of freedom. I read in history of no lawyers who sought to dominate over the consciences of men. When the priesthood ruled, Europe had its "Dark Ages." When the soldier rules, force crushes reason. The government of the United States has been practically the rule of lawyers. Its statesmen have all been lawyers. I know of no exception. The people have

confidence in them. It is soldiers, not lawyers, who build thrones. We do not wonder that the first Napoleon hated lawyers. I am not disparaging other men in the work of human progress, or seeking to glorify lawyers at the expense of other apostles of the rights of man. It is only as to their efforts in the cause of the equal rights of all men of which I write. And it is as the army of freedom whose manual is reason that I advocate their continued existence. While advocating the rights of the weak against the strong, they still are conservative, their studies make them so. Absurd theories which would destroy all individuality and take hope out of the heart of man and leave him no motive for exertion, do find much favor among them. In the writer's opinion every man must be allowed to obtain his own place in the social system. Aid injures and often destroys. In looking back over his career the less the hands of others have been felt the greater the satisfaction. No man willingly accepts the place of dependence. The more distinct and separate the individual the loftier the man. Manhood is reached apart, in segregation, not in aggregation.

DOES FAME GAIN BY FICTION?

DOES fame gain by fiction? Falsehood can add nothing, for if that which is written or spoken of the man is not true, it is not the man who is praised, it is but the name, for falsehood cannot praise. To say that a man is six feet high when he is but five does not commend his height. You have given stature to the name, not the man. Most "immortal names" are but fictions; like the gods of the Pagans they may have begun as men, but successive fictions have made them gods. The man has been forgotten in the god. I have lived long enough to see the work of fiction begun, and to see the man dissolving in the imaginary being. We must have idols to worship, and they must be the "work of our own hands." Every year they get farther from mortality, and approach nearer the immortals. This is not the fame of the man: it is the fame of the name. If he was deformed, a statue of beauty would not represent him and would not make him immortal in loveliness. The name is handed to posterity, not the man. Fame can no more be made by falsehood than a man can be made from marble. No man feels satisfied when some action is attributed

to him, when he knows it was the work of another. We cannot glory in falsehood. It is not the fame of the man to become a myth. Gods are often made of dead men to humiliate living men. The days of dead men are prayed for to sting the living by contrast. It is to show them how little they are. The dead are magnified to lessen the living. The ghosts of the dead are made to walk that the living may crawl. Thus hatred as well as love helps to make men immortal. She is not true who paints her face; he is not true who would have flattery paint his character. The writer who steals commits an act of folly; the praise wounds him, and he feels lessened by it. Neither the living or the dead gain by praise founded upon misrepresentation. To the dead it is obliteration; it erases the original, and brings forward a substitute. The bravery of the substitute will not crown the man whose place he took. No true man wishes to stand when living, or have his name remembered when he is dead, by virtues not his own. He is as adverse to having good actions falsely attributed to him as to have evil deeds not his own blacken his name. He does not wish words of wisdom put in his mouth. He has a little soul who will wear another man's robe; who will find pleasure in having another man's work attributed to him. Fame of manhood speaks in truth, and as each falsehood is told, she adds to the obscurity of the man, and hangs the falsehood on the name he bore.

OF LISTENERS.

THE words we speak carelessly, without apparent thought, often make more impression than those which we deem the result of noted experience and careful thought. They may be of the best wisdom within us, the result of an experience and observation so complete that the sentiment has crystalized itself in our minds, that we have forgotten the experiences and the reasoning upon them. Another principle of action less pointedly true makes more impression upon us, because we have labored upon it. We do not know the impress our words are making; the careless utterance may sink deep, and the studied thought pass unregarded. On different occasions have I had my words repeated to me, which without note I have spoken. They were opinions which I had formed, which had become so familiar to me that I spoke them as I would speak of the weather. The other day a friend of mine, a man of learning, repeated to me something I had said, which he commended for its "worldly wisdom." I will repeat it that the reader may judge of its wisdom. Perhaps his experience and sentiments may join mine. I said that few things in social life an-

gered me more than for a third person to listen to a conversation not addressed to him; that if I was talking and observed that a third person was listening, I instantly stopped my conversation and endeavored to show the listener that I ceased because he was listening; that when I lowered my voice and found him stretching forward to catch that which I was saying, then would come the sudden stop and the show of anger. I thought this but a matter of feeling, an annoyance at the want of breeding in the listener. But after my friend's commendation of it, I commenced to think of the reasons which led me to it. And I saw that the listener listened as a critic, a spy, perhaps as an enemy; that he would repeat my words to my injury. I felt instinctively that he was an enemy, a new-born one perhaps, but still an enemy. The mild reader will say, it was but curiosity; yet curiosity will readily become malignity. He who seeks to find out the opinions of a man who is reticent about them does it from an evil motive. He means to use them to work harm to him who spoke them. He is curious because he is malicious. The generous man concerns himself not as to the opinions of others. I have seen in the manner of the man to whom I was talking that he was listening with malice; then I instantly became as dry as the bed of a mountain stream when the heat of summer beats upon it. When you see that a man is trying to uncover the soul, then let the soul hide itself. Give your opin-

ions: do not let them be drawn from you. Do not allow yourself to be unwound; keep the end of the cord in your own hands. I have not remarked of the breach of courtesy of him who listens to a conversation in which he is not concerned; that might be forgiven as the result of ignorance; that comment would lie upon the surface. I go beneath that, to the motive. If it was but thoughtless curiosity it would have nothing in it but annoyance. The man with whom you talk must listen in sympathy and interest and not in criticism; else is conversation a burden. I will not willingly talk with any one if I must be on guard. The life of conversation is freedom,—an exchange of unrestrained, unguarded thought; restraint makes it a lifeless thing.

RESPECTABILITY.

HAPPINESS carries no greater burden than self-pampered, petted, caressed respectability. That respectability which requires constant care and watching, which must always be consulted, which will be lost if a constant eye is not kept upon it, which like unto a "body of death" is chained to the victim, which is the master and not the servant, which like a spectre haunts its victim, is life's weariness. No man so miserable as the supremely self-conscious, respectable man. He is miserable, because he consults not his happiness, but always asks leave of an imaginary propriety. It is the outward show he regards. The land of Bohemia is a brighter land than that land of conventionality where words and actions are weighed, not by their intrinsic character, but by the query, What will people say? The children of Bohemia are far more lovely, for conventional propriety and ugliness generally link arms. The want of charms often makes this painful propriety. There is a joyless, sunless respectability which mistakes stupidity for decorum. Appearances are seldom to be consulted if we would get what of good there is in the world. See to it that the word or act is right

in itself, and then appearances need not trouble. If you first ask the world what you shall have, you will get but little. If you study respectability, you will find but little happiness or content. Men may live for respectability and not be respectable. Men may utterly disregard it, and yet be respected. There is a strength in the man who walks his own way, who does not ask which road he shall take, that compels admiration. I have always had a horror of uniforms. A uniform is slavery; it is a sign of shackles; no matter whether it represents a profession of religion or of trade, it is a badge of bondage. The man who wears it is a bondman. It shows that he has a master. It is the modern thought to destroy the individual and make him but part of a great system. The men who fought and conquered in the American Revolution were not such men; they were individuals, and when they fired at Bunker Hill they took aim. Each soldier was a man. Combination builds greater industrial works. It rears loftier buildings; but it buries the man. Beneath its shadows I fear genius will die, save as it ministers to material prosperity. The scream of the steam-engine frightens poetry out of life, and the man who is chained to it is not the happier man for its invention. Speed is not happiness, and noise is not joy. Happiness dwells not in the shadows of great buildings; they exclude the sun, the source of life. If greed is not checked by law, the streets of our cities will become caverns, and our buildings towers of Babel.

CONTENT WITH OURSELVES.

NATURE is kind in giving us so good an opinion of ourselves. No matter what blemishes she gives, we would not exchange them for another's beauties. We love ourselves. Do those books benefit us which tear aside the veil that hides our deformities, which show us our selfishness in all its hideousness, that shock our self-love, that reveal the baseness concealed under noble names? If they could cure this illness of selfishness, if they had in them surgery to remove these deformities, if we could change these terrible truths and make them slanders, if they could make the action agree with its name, then would such dreadful revelations be of use. Is it not best to be deceived? The tree of knowledge shuts the gates of Eden, and has ever since brought sorrow. Does it not show us how naked we are, and yet does not tell us where we shall find clothing? Still we will know if we can, we will search the hidden depths, though every step of knowledge adds a new misery. We would know the full extent of our degradation. We cannot denude ourselves of this corroding selfishness: it would be like drawing the blood from our veins. We would die. We would

be eaten up by our fellows. See the crowds of young girls which in every civilized community are yearly fed to the demon of appetite. We rage against the Mormons, and have in our midst a far greater evil than their "sealed wives." The very senator who votes for a bill to confiscate their church's property, may lead a more impure life than the Mormon elder. The one marries his victim and supports her in her old age; the other does not marry her, and abandons her when weary of her. The reign of hypocrisy is triumphant. We love to believe we are well-favored and noble. The happiness which is found around the convivial board, how shallow it is! I read in the morning paper the fulsome flattery of such a gathering; of how they called each other by great names, while jealousy was flapping her bat-like wings over the whole assembly. No man believed what he said. Had they given their true opinions of each other, the very wine would have "mocked them." The patriot would appear as an office-seeking politician, the orator as reciting an oft-repeated lesson conned by rote, the wit as repeating jokes older than the century plant: all self-seeking men, applauding to be applauded, and the whole banquet as hollow as the glasses they emptied. Knowledge carries a scourge to punish those who would embrace her, yet man thinks her so beautiful he will ever seek her. To me the most terrible form of selfishness, that which pains me most to see, is the envy which lurks in the counsel and wishes of

friends, which is the leaven that pervades the denunciation of wrong, which deceives him whose breast it fills, which gives the bitterness to counsellor and preacher, that both mistake, the one in his advice, the other in his condemnation. If each would search deep enough he would find envy or wounded self-love at the bottom of much of his hatred of wrong. So intense, so blinding is this self-love, that it poisons social life. Jealousy is aroused if the husband or wife is addressed with friendliness and kindness, evil motives are suspected, or if to allay that spirit formality and coldness are assumed, then anger takes the place of jealousy, based upon a supposed want of respect. No matter what course is pursued, dissatisfaction is the result. The Oriental, so far as the wife was concerned, allowed his selfishness to have full sway, and put her in a cage. This was the legitimate end of the sway of self. The monogamist suffers the same rage, but dare not apply the same remedy. Sometimes he substitutes the knife or the pistol. The spirit is the same. The advance from the custom of the Orient is not as far as the delusion of self-adulation would fain believe. Customs may vary, laws may differ, forms of worship may appear to have a "great gulf between" them, yet the nature of man remains unchanged. As creation made him, so will he remain. Education, as we term it, may gloss him, but it is only a surface polish. I suppose such as he is makes him fit for his place in the vast works of nature. If he was otherwise he would not

fill the vacuum left for him. The difference between the intellects of the savage and the savant is not as great as appearances indicate. A very learned man,—as we use the expression,—who had been a missionary among the Arabs, told me that they would say to him, Your religion suits you and is good for you ; our faith is best for us. The Mohammedan was more liberal than the proselyter. He desired no converts : he but wished to hold the faith of his fathers undisturbed.

THE TRUE CAUSE.

“CORRUPTION” is the vice and the weakness of the party in power. It is denounced by the party out of office, whose honesty is simply want of opportunity. It truly represents the sentiment of the people. The “politician,” no matter how corrupt he may be, has the very spirit of the community. When the public is honest in soul, then will the “politician” be true to that honesty. He is the exponent of the spirit which is abroad. It is idle to denounce individuals. As well might a man be reproached for the leprosy, if he was surrounded by lepers. He has but succumbed to the contagion. Let the air be pure and all men will breathe it. In all ages and in every community a few men remain untouched, however universal the plague ; as breakwaters they maintain a refuge for honesty. All forms of government have been corrupt, and man’s nature must be changed when they become pure. The ballot will not cure, it but changes the hands. It is the worship of materialism, of brick and stone and iron. If a spacious dwelling is better than clean hands, bonds and stocks more valuable than a pure name, then will they be sought at the expense of

cleanliness and purity. It is useless to rave about it. Men will prefer material good to ideal good; will prefer banquets of the good of earth to heavenly banquets. The few who do not are passed by with contempt as "cranks." The true cause comes from the people, and does not lie in the individual. Let the community get right, and the "politician" will do well.

BUILDING MONUMENTS.

WE all desire monuments ; though dead we wish to live, to survive in the memories of men. The promise of angel forms does not content us : we wish to live as men. We have known ourselves as men, and in the form of man alone can immortality satisfy us. Our identity must live in the imagination of other men. We cannot let it die ; from this feeling comes the teaching of the resurrection of the body. It may be purified, but still it is our body that we cannot let go. The final resurrection is too far off to satisfy our longings ; we would leave our individuality impressed upon mankind. The simplest form in which this wish is expressed is the plain tombstone, then upward to the costly mausoleum and the lofty monument. These are the barbarous types of immortality coming down from the heap of stones which were cast in memory. Memory in stone, whether in heaps as nature carved them or chiselled by the hand of man, is unworthy of the age of type. Are the projectors of these emblems of vanity afraid that their "hero" will be forgotten ? If nothing but stone can keep his memory, then let it perish, and build houses for the living ; not to hold fleeting

shadows which will not stay in them, but for breathing humanity. Buildings for the living are better, though the purpose be a monument. Clay, lime, and sand can be sanctified by the object. We can forgive the self which tinctures the cloth of the garments which are to warm those chilled by poverty. The writer deceives himself with the belief that he toils only for others. But the hope that he too is building a monument which will outlast his bones underlies his work. We are all building monuments. Though frail, they please us. Each builds according to his capacity, according to his strength. This desire is universal, and when not manifested it is for want of power. The fashion of the times has reared another golden idol for men to worship. It is "charity" gilded. If the monument is to display gold, then it will tarnish though it be gold. If its spirit is humanity, it will live when the clay, sand, and lime again become dust. Shape the thought and you have all that is immortal of the man. A perpetuated name plastered on walls is not immortality. There is no immortality for man in stone. A name carved on it is but a footprint.

RÉSUMÉ.

I WRITE for no creed or party. I belong to no social or literary coterie; to no society for mutual flattery. I have no guild. I am enlisted under no man's banner. I follow no leader, and advocate no dogma or the cause of any association of men, political or religious. I stand alone, striving to make truth my guide. Standing alone has its gain and its loss. Its gain is freedom, its loss is in support. Yet this discourages me not. While I think I shall write. Writers have held a place in literature simply because they praised each other. Alone they would have been forgotten. I cannot praise that which I despise. I cannot advocate that in which I do not believe. I will not repeat fables, though they may be popular. I may be silent, but if I speak, I will speak only as I am convinced. I utterly, wholly, and absolutely reject authority. There exists no authority over the mind; it is usurpation. Are you wiser, then, than all men? I answer, I cannot find truth by weighing advocates. I weigh the proposition, not the reasons. It is not the man who can call the word truth in the greatest number of tongues who best comprehends it. We learn it by self-introspection, not by multiplying

words which have the same meaning. I need not wait for my reader to tell me that a coldness pervades that which I have written. Coldness preserves; heat while it gives life brings decay. Calmness may sink to coldness, but passion leads to exaggeration. Men of the coldest and most selfish natures prate most of their love for humanity. When but words are given, the lexicon of self furnishes those which are soft and loving as readily as the true. A very thin mask will deceive the world; and it will persecute the man who says it is but a mask. I seek no martyr's crown. I court no persecution, moral or social; the only persecution our laws allow, but a persecution as deadly as that represented by the fagot and the stake. We think we are free, yet there are but few countries in the world where thought is suppressed as with us. We dare not think aloud, unless we think with the prevailing opinion. Many a man carries opinions in his breast he dare not reveal. They may be but opinions, touching not the life of the man, yet to utter them is to be shunned. Possibly they are gross errors; but a man is not to be condemned for mere error of thought, yet this is reckoned the greatest sin. We forgive much to the man who thinks with us, in church creeds and party resolutions. We are so bigoted, so self-sufficient, so intolerant, that the first impulse is to persecute the man who differs from us. We will turn on him as though he had done us a personal injury, simply because he will not accept

our thought as truth. Not many years ago this whole nation said that God had doomed the black man to be the slave of the white man; that one drop of the black man's blood was sufficient to put him through whose veins it flowed on the auctioneer's block, a chattel. Who dares utter such a sentiment now? This remembrance should humble intolerance and check the fierce assertion of confident opinion. No matter how sure we are, we may be wrong; no matter upon what rock we plant our feet, it may crumble and leave us standing on shifting sand. "That which has been will be." "We have no abiding place," no sure ground. We must not be certain we have found the truth, but continue our search, with our ears always open to reason. There are those who would stop them, and then lead us; foes to advancement, they look only to their own power and gain. We must "run the race which is set before us" without encumbrance. We forget the principle to abuse the man who maintains it. It is easier to denounce than reason. If a man teaches error, why should we be afraid of him? Do we fear that error is stronger than truth? If that which we call truth is too weak to contend with that which we have denominated error, then it is not truth. I repeat, we are an intolerant people. We are so self-confident that we will not listen. It takes a revolution to open our ears. Our country has within it such unbounded riches that we must prosper. Mistakes cannot prevent it.

PRODUCE GREEN LEAVES.

HOWEVER aged the tree may be, it is better that it should put forth some green leaves than to be a withered trunk upon whom nothing but moss will grow. It is a man's own fault if he be moss-covered instead of the bearer of green leaves. We wither from indolence; and the heart-fountains, which would give reproducing waters, dry up from selfishness. While we are in the world we should be of it,—alive to its toil and its sorrows. If we can keep romance in the heart it will be a heat warmer than gold's glitter. We may find it prudent to hide it, and it may dwell chiefly in memory, yet should it be cherished. Full life shrinks from the withered life. It has no fellowship with death or its semblance.

PLEASURE SEEKERS.

“PLEASURE seekers” are spoken of as criminals, yet why should we not always seek it; seek it until the end comes? Pain and sorrow come without seeking, then why should we not seek for that which gives us joy? That which gives us pleasure is right. There is no pleasure in wrong; the sting poisons it. There are those who would take from life every green thing and make it as bare as a winter-stripped forest. Cursed with the gift of credulity they believe, as they are taught, that in every joy there lurks a sin. And credulity (the power of believing) is as much a gift of nature as the writer’s inspiration. They who have this gift furnish the food for the impostor in religion and the apostle in superstition. They are the slaves whom cunning has bound in all ages; and by their numbers have compelled the silent acquiescence of those who were not deceived.

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

SELF-CONFIDENCE is often subdued by self-consciousness. He has the utmost belief in himself, yet the ever-present consciousness of self overshadows the confidence; it checks it. I have found that some of the most timid men have the most exalted opinion of themselves; while those who are ever ready to speak and act had a truer and more moderate estimate of their own abilities. The difference was, the one was always thinking of himself, the other was not. Fear that he would not come up to the estimate of himself kept the one silent and immovable, while the other, thinking only of his speech and act, was not restrained by fear of failure. As I walk the streets I can see self-consciousness written in the face; and it is a most unpleasant writing. The less self intrudes the more agreeable we are. We should note the passer-by, and not consider how he is noting us or how we are impressing him. Effort is as unpleasant to the beholder as painful to him who makes it. Biting the lips, twisting the mouth indicate self-consciousness. If we must think of ourselves we should remain alone to do it: we should contemplate self until

we have had enough of self-admiration before we appear among others, for then it is our duty to cease self-contemplation. If we do not, we are hateful and will be shunned. This is the secret of pleasing,—forgetfulness of self. It is amusing, as well as distasteful, to see the ingenuity with which every topic of conversation is made to reflect self, among these self-worshippers. Self-consciousness produces timidity. The bold think of the undertaking; self-consciousness does not burden them. No greater load to carry than a self which is ever seen and felt; no greater hinderance.

THE TRUE PURPOSE OF LAW.

A NATION'S growth cannot be forced by law. Law produces nothing. Its true purpose is to insure freedom. It cannot build up an industry or create prosperity for a people. It is the brain and hand of the citizen which produces the wealth of the community. The law weaves nothing, plants nothing. Its only duty is to protect the weaver and the planter that they may not be plundered of the fruits of their industry. A people who are ever looking for law to build up their industries will have none. The fewer the laws the more prosperous the people. This is but repeating, in another form of words, the truest maxim of government: "That nation is best governed which is governed the least." I have said that law cannot make any people moral. The people will corrupt the law, but the law cannot amend the people. Morals cannot be learned out of the statute-book; and judges and juries cannot teach them. The offence has been committed before their functions begin.

“THE TEACHING OF DEVELOPMENT.”

THE teaching that man has been “developed” can bring no comfort to the human spirit. If inexorable law is the supreme power, there is no deity for humanity. This law is not a care-taking father; it is a force, moving and moulding us. A law is not a god, it is a power. The tenderness, the confidence, the support of that faith which cherishes the belief that the supreme Father takes cognizance of the individual, this law sweeps away. There is no place left for emotion, and without emotion religion ceases,—a religion of reason cannot exist. The more intellectual a worship the colder it is. The regions of the intellect are frozen regions. Wisdom brings silence; it is the ignorant who chatter. Have we developed? Are we wiser than some men of the Hebrew people, than Greek and Roman? We are not. Their laws are still our laws, and we imitate their art and copy their writings. Their thought is our thought. Men have lived with whom this vaunted century has produced no comparable man. The forces of nature render us greater tribute, and apparently for man’s greater comfort. This is because the hand and brain are freer and the reward

surer. The less the competent toiler is compelled to divide with the idler or the incompetent, the better he toils; and any system which seeks to force men to equality, to provide for all alike, would send men back to barbarism. If nature has given one man a better brain or a stronger arm, he must gain by it, or he will not use it. Any system which does not recognize the self in man must fail. No growth in material wealth or morals can be forced by law. Laws may and do enable one man to plunder another, but their tendency is to destroy. Millionaires are mostly the product of evil legislation.

THE BREATH WHICH TAINTS.

THE praise of the world vulgarizes its object. Its common breath taints, it impures it. Where the world is pouring out its loud laudations the sensitive spirit has no admiration. The breath taints as surely as the touch. Purity demands privacy. The song heard by thousands loses its charm in their acclamations. The delicate spirit cannot follow the crowd in its plaudits; it draws back and lets the multitude pass by. The thronged room withers the flower which bloomed fresh in the free air of the hill-side.

BUT PAINTED CARDS.

WHEN a public official makes an appointment which is not justified by fitness or competency, he shows that his professions of piety, virtue, and patriotism are but cards in his hands with which he plays his game of life. He uses them, not because he values them as of intrinsic worth, but because they are winners in the game. His apology of pressure or expediency is none. His professions should lift him above such influences. That they do not, proves that they have no value to him save as painted cards.

DO WRITINGS CONVEY THE POWER OF THE WRITER?

IT is said of many authors, as it has often been repeated of Robert Burns and of Charles Lamb, that their writings do not adequately convey the power and wit of the man; that these were shown with far greater weight and brilliancy in their conversation. May not this be error? The profound remark, or the bright and witty saying, was set off by surrounding circumstances. The hearing of the listeners was sharpened by the excitement of the moment, by participation in the debate which brought them forth. All these made them show better than if reduced to printed form. The same sentence read by the calm reader would not shine with the brightness, nor would it reflect the power when written as when spoken. Then there was the eye, the voice to give depth and lend charm. Besides, we have the report of a friend, and not of the passionless critic. Set speeches are mostly vapid, diffuse things. I imagine but few people read speeches unless during the excitement of the time in which they were spoken. No literature—if printed speeches are worthy of the name—so soon moulds and rusts.

HUMAN BLOOD IS SACRED.

HUMAN blood must be held as sacred if man is to rise to majesty. The progress of no cause is an excuse for shedding it. When spilled it brings corruption to nations and religions, and the long purification of time is required to counteract its effects. Men must not be counted as so much power, as the force of a steam-engine is gauged.

THE GLOOMY MONODY.

TO what good end is this unceasing monody of the alleged vanity of human life and the transient character of man's happiness? Gloomy and malignant spirits are afraid we will forget and will not be sufficiently miserable. There may be a "spider in the bottom of the cup," yet we may drink of the cup and not suffer death. It may be the only one we have to drink, and without it we perish of thirst. The note of gloom is sounded, not to warn, but to blight and wither; it is the shadow of the temperament or the malignancy of the heart which prompts it. "We must die." Yes, "it is the debt due to that nature" which brought us into being. We did not ask for life; we cannot avoid death. Neither is of our choice. We no more need to be reminded of the one, which will be, than of the other, which has been. Certainly we will be forgotten, and why should we not be? We have forgotten those who were before us. Our places will be taken by others, and why not? Have we not taken the places of those who lived before us? Are we to be the exceptions to the movements of the natural laws? Our rebellion will but make us miserable, and solemn chants and

mournful dirges will not alter the facts. The more healthy the nature, the less it broods over death. It has life and thinks of life and seeks the good of life. I abhor the literature of death; it is the production of disease or cunning. This world is not the "wilderness of woe" it has been painted; and I have noticed that those who most loudly proclaim that sentiment most earnestly seek portions of the earth they decry. Cease mourning over the inevitable, and do not drag a "body of death" raised by fear. Cease weaving the web of despair.

ATTRACTIVE INDIVIDUALITY.

ATTRACTIVE individuality does not feel the need of place or of ancestors to give it consideration. It conquers in itself. The man or woman who commands personal admiration has no need to dig in the graves of the dead for ornaments : their living charms are more potent than dust.

MAN'S BELIEF AS TO THE LOVE SHOWN ANOTHER.

IT seems impossible for one man to believe that a woman loves another man for that man's self. It is his money, his position in life, something apart from himself, which she loves. He has no difficulty in believing that he is loved for himself alone, but his self-admiration will not permit him to think this true of any other man. Thus the lover of most novels and poems is the author himself, as he sees himself and decks himself. He cannot place another man, even in the imagination, in the place of adoration. This accounts for the monotony of the song and story, as repeated under new names by the same author. So when death suddenly calls, we see in the life of him to whom the summons has come a reason for the quick call which is not our own. We cannot be thus quickly called. I have noted the reasons given for death, when there was an apparent mental reservation that none of them applied to the speaker. So strong is the delusion of self-love.

SARCASTIC SPEECH.

THE man of sarcastic speech is the man who clearly sees the weakness and folly of his fellow-men, and points them out. If truth does not point the shaft, it is merely folly, and falls harmless. It is truth alone which gives it force, and which wounds. Bitterness without truth harms not.

DIGNITY TO MONEY.

THE man who has nothing but money to vaunt himself upon must have millions. Millions only can give dignity to money. A man, old in years, once said to me, "I have not lived in vain. I have one hundred thousand dollars." If that represented his life's toil, if he could point to no other work, he had lived to but little purpose. The difference between a man and a money-bag is, when the man dies, his power to do further service dies with him save as his "work lives after him," but the power of the money-bag, which is a thing apart from the man, lives on, more useful perhaps than when controlled by its former owner. One is spirit, the other material, and as far as spirit is beyond material so far is the man above money. Dignity is stupidity's favorite cloak, and silence its sure cover. Dignity is the cheapest of all mannerisms. The ever-present self creates and maintains it.

ENVY.

ONE of the most unpleasant things which greets a man who has passed the contemporaries of his early life is the manifested envy of those of them who have stood still. They find reproach to themselves in his success. The taunt of early poverty gives envy its favorite food. The bitterest ingredient in the cup of human misery envy drops there. The stately mansion is pointed out, and the only comment is of the former poverty of the owner, or the humble character of his early occupation. Not a word is heard of the toil and thrift which raised him from that poverty and that lowly calling. Envy will not permit it. It is this envy which every successful man feels surrounds him more than any other cause which hardens him. For his own peace he becomes iron. Let not man's voice move you; this experience whispers to his soul. He is a copyist. Thus miserable envy speaks of the writer,—From whence, from where, from whom? But it cannot answer save to repeat the charge.

PERSONAL CHARMS AND SENSE.

A WOMAN without sense or beauty is a weariness. Beauty may make silliness endurable, and good sense may supply the lack of personal charms, or cause the want of them to be forgotten. When beauty leaves, good sense should be ready to fill its place. Sense and beauty seldom unite. The homage of man leaves beauty but scant opportunity to join hands with good sense. A "convention" of female intellect is a "convention" of female unloveliness. They decry the power and value of personal charms who have them not. Man need not fear woman's intellect. Her power is in her personal fascination. Female loveliness triumphs over his intellect; but female intellect will be defeated in the conflict. Her personal charms are her power, and she attempts no other, save when these are denied her, or when time has taken them. She invades man's dominions when her own heritage has been lost.

VIRTUE AND SUCCESS.

A NEWSPAPER asked certain lawyers to tell of the road to "success." Some who answered had not themselves found that road, though this fact may not have rendered their opinions less valuable. They answered, giving the usual formula of the cardinal virtues as they have been laid down time out of mind as conditions of success in all pursuits. The inquirer did not say what was meant by success; but I assume that obtaining a large practice was the test, and such seems to have been the understanding of those who answered. If all men who have succeeded possessed these attainments, the question would be concluded; but they do not. Men have obtained a large practice, with but a scant measure of these attributes. If success, interpreted as gains, is the lawyer's only object, he will not concern himself about them. To possess them he must cherish true manhood as the evidence of the highest success. Every virtue should be inculcated; but success should not be promised as a reward. Persistent energy, with a fixed purpose that is not over-scrupulous, is the one which wins the material victory. But virtue numbers not these upon her list.

TO WHOM IS OUR YOUTH GIVEN?

YOUTH and its charms are given to time, not to an individual. The complaint, I gave my youth, and a debt is owing me for the gift, is not based on truth. Your youth would have left you though you had never seen the person to whom you say you gave it. It was a gift to time, though not a free one. Then do not utter reproaches for its loss as though you gave it to the undeserving, or as though you had been robbed of it. You could not keep it. In your anger, in your bitterness for its loss, you can only reproach time, and time will but deepen his marks in return for your bitterness. To those who receive him gently he does the least harm. When we are young we do not see the power and the opportunity of youth. It is only when it is gone that we see the full measure of its capacity. The knowledge of age and the strength of youth cannot be joined,—both are wasted, the one in unavailing regrets, the other in vain hopes. The one lives in the past, the other in the future, neither in the present. We know not how to live in the present. The old are unfit to write of love, not because they write of the dead, but because they write of phantoms. They

rake among the ashes only to find bitterness and disappointment. Time has torn away the delusions which love demands. Some of the most beautiful love-songs have been written of the dead; but the love was not dead, so that it is not the "shadow of death" which forbids the old to write of love. Death makes love immortal; age has seen its mortality.

THAT WHICH I WOULD NOT TEACH A DAUGHTER.

I WOULD not teach a daughter that her mission on earth is to minister to some "good man." She might not find that "good man." Most likely she would not. Men who believe that the stars were set in the heavens to give them light by night; that the coal was put in the mountains to warm their bodies; that animal life has a right to exist only as it ministers unto them: of these she would find an abundance. And if this "good man" lives, and she found him, I would still teach her that he is not worthy the sacrifice; that much of the "goodness" of man is the cant of selfishness. I would teach her that her first and main duty is to herself, and not to man. That it is not her duty to sink herself into the wife or mother, and in her absorption live only for them. That she has the right to her own individuality. That it is the selfishness of man which has taught this utter self-sacrifice, this living only in and for him. I respect the Catholic Church in that it has given the Virgin the highest place. I believe that woman is waking up to the fact that she is a person, not an adjunct. And with this awakening will come

a candor of word and action which has been hitherto unknown to her. Deception grows in slavery. It is they who fear that deceive. Self-sacrifice is the one growth which does not bring forth its kind. Its fruit is unlike itself. Self-abnegation produces selfishness. Self-forgetfulness teaches absorbing self-love. Would we then have no self-sacrifice? Should self never be forgotten? If a woman's love leads her to self-sacrifice it is well; but I would not teach her that it is the end of her being.

THE OTHER WORLD.

WE do not need that death shall open to us the gates which usher us into another world. Long life will open them, and we will find ourselves in a world in which we are strangers. We may seek to be one of its inhabitants, but we will be looked upon as of a former world as dead as we; a world which has passed away. Our world is our contemporaries'; we never can know any other. We may linger after they have gone, but in loneliness. We have but faint companionship with the few of the other world who are left. With them the mournful talk is chiefly of the world which has passed away. It is true that some find companionship in earth, in its clods; and as long as it sticks to them they desire no other. Their world is the soil beneath their feet; its possession contents them.

THRIFTY SELFISHNESS.

THRIFTY selfishness is always respectable ; it is too wise not to be. It carefully conforms to the artificial proprieties of life and worships with the popular faith, though in its dealings with men it cuts to the bone. It never is a martyr at the stake or before popular opinion. It brands with impiety the manly heart which adores only where it believes. It strikes hands with fanaticism, because fanaticism is useful. While fanaticism persecutes, it plunders. If you are a lawyer or politician, it advises humility of habit, not because it pleases you, but because the jury or the multitude may be pleased. It is afraid to make its office comfortable for fear rude clients may not approve. What are gains worth, purchased at such a price? I asked a lawyer, whose office in its surroundings was unbefitting a man of his ability and means, why he did not make himself more comfortable? He answered that if he did he would lose his clients, as they would think they would have to pay for it all. To my mind this was slavery, and slavery to the ignoble. "Live your own life" I have elsewhere written. Do not be afraid you will perish in it. The world will respect you for it. It despises

obsequiousness. The man to whom you bend scorns you for bending. Still if nature bent your back at your birth, with years you will only grow more crooked, and admonition is in vain. If a straight back was given you, never bend it, or it will soon grow crooked. I am not advocating a flourish, an arrogance of independence. This is offensive, and generally insincere. It is the bluster of the coward. I mean that quiet, unobtrusive, yet strong and unbending course of life which is felt, yet makes no sound. It does not reject counsel or opinion, but weighs them. It knows no authority save reason. Not that its reason is superior, but because it is the only God-given guide. Where reason will not guide there is none. To every man is given a "measure" according to his needs. The admonition of the law of negligence—"stop, look, and listen"—is a wise guide for life. Stop, do not rush heedlessly on; look with your own eyes, do not expect another to look for you; listen, that the sound of danger may reach your ears, do not wait for another to report to you how near it is. Where it is dark no man can guide, for without light every man must grope. Where the opaque curtain is drawn, we reject the report of the man who tells us what is beyond it. He but speculates, and his speculations are no better than our own. Each is worthless. It is the effort to force men to subscribe to these worthless speculations of the invisible which has filled the world with the strife of creeds. We think it is the devo-

tion of belief which drives them on, when it is but the arrogance of opinion. This arrogance of opinion has shown itself stronger than the love of life, stronger than the affections of life, for it has made enemies of those whom nature bound together.

THE "FIRST LADY OF THE LAND."

WITH us the "first lady of the land" does not exist. Neither constitution nor law has provided for such an office. The suffrages are given to the man who is elected President: the woman who happens to be his wife is not considered. She may not be fitted by talents, education, or manners to be the "first lady"; and the fact that her husband has been elected President does confer upon her these essential requisites for a "first lady." She may be that which is far better and higher than the conventional lady; a faithful wife and devoted mother, finding the end of her ambition in the just management of her household. It is not the beauty nor yet the brilliant talents of Queen Victoria which command the respect of the English people. I presume she has neither. It is her domestic virtues. These are stronger to repress the influences which would dethrone her than England's armies or statesmen. The stability of the English throne is in the home-life of its Queen. A vain beauty would follow Marie Antoinette in the loss of crown, if not of head. The "first lady" must come to that title by some right; it must be hereditary or elective; our "first lady" is

neither. She is the wife of the President, nothing more. And as his wife she is not to rival the beauties of the stage, whose charms are exhibited for money. It is not the business of the President's wife to be beautiful. If to personal beauty was joined the intellect of the women who have ruled in the courts of France, then indeed she might be the "first lady" in her own right. As republicans we are mad for titles. There is an assumption of them in every department of life. Lady is the appendage of all female occupations. Do these stolen titles dignify labor? No, they degrade it. Labor needs no such fictitious bolstering. It gains nothing by aping. They are soiled, cast-off rags or garments stolen from domains of other pursuits. Would a man be more respected if he dug a cellar in a dress suit? True dignity is in that which is appropriate and fitting, and nothing is so becoming in all men and in all women as fitness. A soiled white glove is a shabby thing, and shows a soiled taste, while well-mended, serviceable gloves show good sense and true taste. Patched finery is detestable. Mended plainness is thrift and self-respect. It shows that the owner is genuine. Be of a piece. Our imitations, our counterfeits, our mock titles all show a lack of self-respect. Shams are not universal in the American life, but they exist to an extent which shames the manhood and womanhood of America.

FOLLOWING YOUR FATHER'S FAITH.

THE man who tells you that he regards you because your father was a "good man" makes of you a nonentity. We feel under no obligation for that kind of regard, based upon that consideration. The object is not to praise the father, but to humiliate the son. Praise never comes in a parcel tied up with comparisons of inferiority. Praise of the father may be grateful to the son, but a proffered regard based upon the father's merits will not be. If the son has no merit, save that he is the son of his father, then is he without merit, and a nonentity. The sect or party to which the father belonged resents as an invidious reflection or insult that the son's refusal to follow the father. "Do you not believe that your father was a good man?" Then why not worship at the altar at which he bowed, and to which he led you as a child? Because I am no longer a child; I am a man, as he was when I followed him. The right of the parent to exclude all light from the child, save that which comes through the windows stained by his opinions and perhaps ignorant prejudices, may well be questioned. Nor has he the right to weaken the child's eyes by band-

ages, so that he can never see clearly or with the strength of self-investigation. This, however, is the only way to make blind, unreasoning bigots; they must be moulded in youth. The self-confident parent thinks he is straightening the twig, when he is starting the growth of a tree which will be as crooked as himself. In this way the knarled growths which deform the world are cultivated. In the leading principles of right and wrong, which should govern in this life, all men agree. They fight about their imaginings of future life, of which they are equally confident, and equally ignorant. The parent does not own the soul of the child. No one contends that he does when the child adopts his faith, but he denies that the child shall judge of his own soul's interest when he departs from questioner's creed, if that was father's faith. It is the parent's opinion he is caring for, more than the child's good, when he is putting the glasses colored by his opinions upon the child's eyes. That confidence in our opinions, which blinds us to reason is man's weakness, and the cause of his slavery. Blind bigots are slaves. The greater the ignorance, the more absolute the confidence.

No free-souled man will act as tender to any man and carry his luggage.

WHAT OF THAT?

I HAD occasion to-day to say to a client, What of that? The beautiful and spacious house which, to some extent, was marred by a selfish and, I imagine, an envious neighbor, was spoken of, and my client once told me how he had dealt with the owner of the house when he was in an humble but honest occupation. I saw the hateful envy. I knew well all he told me, for envy will not permit it to be unknown. If it is referred to in order to show the energy and courage by which he raised himself from his lowly fortune, it could not be objected to; but that is not the purpose. It is to show that he is not fit for his present fortune, because he was not born to it. Would he be more worthy of it if, instead of being the fruit of his own toil, it came from the toil of his father? I sometimes become so disgusted and weary with the littleness, the envy, the malice of the majority of men I meet, that I think I would like to quit them and join the angels; for I take it that angels are not envious; though I fear I should have to be metamorphosed before I would be fit for their society. How rejoiced would I be to dwell in a land where there is no envy; where the good of one does not poison the heart of the other; where praise can be bestowed without giving pain to another!

But, says my reader, are you so lofty, so superior to the rest of us that you have no envy? Do you feel no envy at the greater success of a member of your own profession or another writer's book? Do you not offer reasons for that success which soothe your own wounded vanity and detract from the other's success? Well, think as you may, I shall not confess. This I can say, I struggle against it. I say to the unclean spirit, Begone. He may not go; still I hate him none the less. No meaner devil was driven into the swine which perished in the sea. He sits enthroned ruling men with unbounded sway. Often the nearer the relative the more bitter the envy. The success of the one is a reflection upon the failure of the other. It is a spirit which will not be mollified or soothed. Success cannot placate failure. Talent cannot make friends with inanity. Fulness must expect emptiness to make mouths at it. No doubt my readers are weary of this subject, I so often thrust it upon them; but it was the incident of the day which brought it to my mind so vividly. While one man is despised because his father was of no note among men, another is disparaged because his father had some name. He is not his father's equal, is said of him. Envy would smother him with his father's virtues, and it will exalt and magnify them in order to it. Envy has as many colors as Joseph's coat, and it can turn it as often as a politician can change his principles or his master.

UNMOVED.

FROM much I have written my readers may think I have a touch of the Epicurean. Be that as it may, this I will say,—not because I have often read it, but because I know it to be true,—life has no pleasure which equals the consciousness of duty performed. That pleasure has no sting, it leaves no nausea. It will bear the first morning thought, the first memory of the day, which the night has left in the great unchangeable past. Few pleasures will bear the scrutiny of morning's wakening thought. We would rather have a sponge which would wipe out their memory than the thought which brings them back. The cup of pleasure is sweetest at the top; the cup of duty is the most delightful at the bottom. The latter grows more agreeable as you drink of it; the other more bitter. Experience makes me doubt whether sorrow is not man's portion. He seems so imperfect, so intensely selfish, made so by his imperfections.

I know a man who seems to be at peace with himself, who appears to be serene from complete satisfaction with himself. His perfect serenity makes him unpleasant,—perhaps, from that lurking envy which says he has no right to be self-satisfied. He bears his burdens calmly by reason of this serene

content with himself; and I imagine his burdens are heavy. He pities the satirist who finds in this complacency subject of ridicule; while his own wit has a single admirer,—its author. His self-complacency enables him to perform tasks from which sensitive natures would shrink; for nothing dulls the nerves as self-satisfaction. Want of feeling brings serenity. His opinion of himself is an impervious shield. Still I admire him for the calmness with which he carries his burdens. So unmoved! *Unmoved*,—that is the word in the English language I most admire. If I had a banner I would write that word upon it. Whatever man's envy may say,—unmoved. If the ashes of Vesuvius fall upon me,—unmoved. If I move not, they will grow cold. Certain it is, I cannot fly from them. Not hardness, not insensibility. I have often been astonished, for what trifles men will forfeit the good opinion of others. The other day a man whom I supposed to be a gentleman, though my acquaintance with him was but slight, for a trifling sum of dollars gave me clear proof that he was lacking in honor. From this time forth I shall have just cause to despise him. The breach of honor was plain, palpable, capable of absolute proof. He had, however, no honor to forfeit. Some men seem to be as lost as was Dr. Faust when he sold his soul to the evil one. I could write their names. No matter how honorably you deal with them, if you trust them, they will take advantage of that trust. If you believe them they will betray you.

If you do them a favor they will bite you. But the Almighty has carved the marks of treachery on their faces, if we would but read them. It is in vain that you try to shame them into honor by pointing the way in your own dealings with them. I am now having such an experience with a member of my own profession. The indignation of my client is intense, and his anger is justified. I have been compelled at labor and expense to force this man to do that which he should have done cheerfully and promptly. The world will never know whom I mean; but if he reads this he will recognize himself. His speech is bitterness, his face is marred with the lines of hatred. Such men are the sharp stones in the path of life against which we bruise our feet. At times I write of persons, not to be revenged upon them, for they are but shadows to my readers, and shadows they will remain; but to give life to that which I would say, and to show that I am no mere closet moralist, writing of the creations of my brain. I copy from living models. I state no principle which I have not learned from the actions of living men. Every day I fight the battle of life, and in the evening con its movements over and draw my reflections from its incidents. I am no "carpet knight." I give and take blows. I loathe the idler, whether he be rich or poor. I scorn the beggar's pride that will beg or eat the bread of dependence, which will steal under the guise of borrowing rather than work. I honor toil and the toiler.

WOMAN'S TRUE PLACE.

WOMAN is wronged in the wages of her toil. With every effort she cannot provide for herself sufficient food and clothing, even when she is well and has work. It is useless to blame her employers; they do not carry on business as a charity. They no doubt give her all she is worth to them. She is in the wrong place, there is the secret of the trouble. Her place is in the home, not in the mart; and she will never become acclimated. Nature forbids her to do man's work. She is trying to obliterate her sex. She fails and suffers. A few persons with men's souls in women's bodies succeed; but the woman miserably, painfully fails. She must have the support of a man or she sinks. She is not, cannot be self-supporting. Single instances of success do not answer the uncounted millions of failures. She cannot compete with man in his pursuits. Said a sensible woman to me, Why do not the men marry the women and support them? That question answers the problem. Women cannot toil by the side of man and in competition with him. She must suffer and despair if she attempts it. Her physical formation forbids it. Disease and death follow the

attempt. There are some sedentary employments in which she partially succeeds. And when they do succeed, how hard and unfeminine they grow; how unlike the true woman! She is not to be strong as a man. She cannot be. Opening employments to women in most instances is but opening avenues of misery. The crowds of young girls and women who fill the streets of our cities and large towns every morning and evening going to and returning from work which is apart from home, show that our civilization is at fault. Sorrow, misery, want follow them. With many, it is true, it is but a temporary thing before matrimony. I have no suggestion to offer. I see the great violation of nature's laws. I cannot ask the American girl to accept employment as a domestic. I would do as she does, starve in freedom and self-respect before I would put up with the humiliations of domestic service. I am not writing cant or giving "good advice." I am looking at and respecting the spirit of the girl. I know that pride and poverty are sad companions. I also know that a "bruised spirit" cannot be healed with bread. We cannot be fed into happiness. I give the poor girl my silent pity,—a valueless gift,—but it is all I have. I know not how to benefit her. This I do know, that, so far as woman is concerned, our vaunted nineteenth century civilization is a failure. I know that priest and church help her but little. The Moham-medan shuts her up and feeds her. We give her freedom and starve her. She must go back to her

true place, home, and stay there. Every man who has done business with women know how unfit they are for it. Lawyers know it to their annoyance and vexation. A woman in business is as awkward as a woman running to catch a street-car. No man could fall in love with her seeing her in either pursuit. She is never content out of home.

“KILLING TIME.”

NOTHING is so hard to kill as time. A man can kill himself much easier. He tries to kill time, but in revenge time kills his enemy with celerity, while he spares his friends. Time makes a stout resistance and refuses to be killed. He strikes back and inflicts weariness, ennui, melancholy, insanity, and death. For his enemy he takes the flavor out of life, makes it insipid and wearisome. He stretches himself out, doubles himself only to make his enemy feel how heavy and how long he can become. If treated as an enemy he makes the day dark and the night wearisome. He will not let the sun rise nor the moon to go down. He drags the limbs, dulls the eyes, and bows the head. Let no human being strive to “kill time.” He is too strong. When properly used he is a friend; when abused, a deadly enemy. The most wretched men I know are engaged in killing time; the happiest in greeting him. His enemies wander about hunting weapons to kill him with. They pick up evil habits which slay them and not time. They seek the aid of companions who make time longer and more wearisome.

A CHEAP WORLD.

THIS is a cheap world, and it grows angry with the man who refuses to rate its baubles high. It says he is vexed because he cannot reach them. It is vexed because vanity cannot hide their cheapness. It is vexed with the man who sees in the sweet face of a girl or other object of gentle nature a more attractive object than banquets and speeches of mutual adulation. Insincerity is the chief guest at every banquet, and falsehood hides itself in the feast's empty bottles. I wonder men are not ashamed to look each other in the face while giving the attributes of the fabled gods to men. There is certainly an unexpressed understanding that they are but acting parts in a farce. Does this falsehood strengthen men? Does it really incite them to useful actions? No true growth can come from false seed.

Public opinion is not ascertained by ballot; nor is the evidence of it traced in the noisy town-meeting where flimsy-built boilers blow off steam or vapor. Their explosion would work but slight destruction. It is that silent but irresistible public opinion which overrides the counting of the ballot. Moral and political truths are not ascertained by the count of numbers. Ignorance is not changed by addition. It is ignorance

still, however it is numbered or however great the count. A mountain of ignorance weighs more; but it is of no more use than the separate atoms of which it is composed. It is ignorance still.

Many think that devotees and worshippers who betray trusts and plunder the confiding are of necessity hypocrites. Not so. They are as sincere in their devotions as the just. They rob and pray from the same motive,—to benefit self. They rob to get and enjoy the goods of this world. They pray to obtain the heaven of the next. I have seen that extreme superstitious devotion may be joined in the same man with the most absolute and absorbing selfishness. Fear of want in this world may make a man steal; and a fear of future punishment may make him worship. Their piety is not the love of good, but the love of the good things of this and the future life. Outward devotion is not a cloak. Men do not profess piety to deceive. It shows but a shallow knowledge of human nature to assume because the devout man has been plundering the bank of which he was president that he was false in his devotions, an unbeliever in his professions. He expected to be forgiven, and the habit of devotion was a part of his nature. I have come in pretty close contact with such men, and watched them closely. I have beheld in amazement the entire absence of that restraint which for want of a better term we call conscience, joined with a manifest fondness for worship, by which I mean a desire to adore, to prostrate the

body, or to turn upward the beseeching eye. There are but few hypocrites in religion, though the world is full of deception. Men worship not to deceive but to placate, or to obtain the protection and blessing of a deity gratified by their prostrations.

A man may be sincere without strength ; but men of strength, men whose influence lives, are always sincere men. A man cannot in life play a successful part, he must be it. Insincerity is the weakness in the joints of many a man's armor. This has dulled his sword so that it will not cut. Every successful founder of a new faith believed it. No conscious impostor ever established a new creed. Sincerity is the power which moves the world. I have seen men who have gained wealth and reputation in their professions, and yet they never took hold of the community. The community refused to believe in them, refused to respect them. Why? They lacked sincerity. The confidence, the true fame among men cannot be forced. A man's position is given him ; and no effort of his directed to the purpose can change it. It is founded upon the weighing of the man, not of spasmodic acts, but of the life. I have seen men try so hard to get a new trial, a new award ; but the verdict was rendered, the award made, and the tribunal—the general sense of the community—could not be moved. Individual opinions may be unjust, spoken or written opinions may be moved by malignity and envy, but that consensus of men is mostly just. If a man lacks sincere convictions, the

world is not deceived by pretences. It may not always speak its true opinion in a man's favor ; but in the inner sense it is fixed. It is useless to advise a man to be sincere ; for if he is not, if it is not the fibre of his nature, he cannot cultivate it. As the original forest, it is the first growth of tall, magnificent sincerity, or the scrub oak of pretence. The community will not only form its opinions in its own way, but in its own time. It will neither be hurried nor changed. If it was not one of the saddest exhibitions of human weakness, vanity, and intolerance, a trial for " heresy " would be the meanest and cheapest thing on earth. A body of fallible men trying another fallible man, not because his life fails in purity and generosity, but because he refuses to accept their dreams, and repeats his own. No man has yet seen, no man will ever see, through the darkness that rests between this and another existence. No man has had, no man will ever have, a vision of the beyond after this life. To see men sit in solemn conclave to try and to condemn a fellow-man because his phrases are not their phrases, because his meaningless definitions are not as theirs, would be subject of scorn if it did bring so much misery. They cannot guide or teach their " erring " brother, for neither see ; but they can make him very miserable. They have not wisdom, but they have keen-pointed daggers. Wounded vanity has produced the intolerance which has ground to bloody sharpness the weapons of persecution.

"Ambition," as a restless spirit is called, flatters men. The ambitious man unconsciously flatters his fellow-men. He shows them how much he longs for their praise. He may think he looks down upon them; but he begs them to look up to him, to note him.

In the clamor of controversy, in the strife for mastery, in the petty ambition the good of man is forgotten. Opinion is put above conduct, creed above the life. Is it, then, a marvel that those who betray men's trust are worshippers of creeds? If men are taught that a true life weighs nothing before the deity if the man's dogmas are wrong, can we wonder that he worships and steals, not in hypocrisy, but in blindness? Is it a matter of surprise that he thinks he can make his peace with his God apart from his life among men? A creed which does not touch the life of men is valueless. The love of power forms creeds, the love of man forms the true life. One is born in haughtiness and dominion, the second grows in consideration for others.

A RHAPSODY.

WE are passing through a cloud of dishonesty :
I had almost written an age of dishonesty.
It is again repeated, This brings no dishonor upon
the church in which these thieves were prominent.
This is false,—“ By their fruits shall ye know them.”
A church. which brings forth such fruit cannot be
sound. Certainly it does not teach men to steal ; no
religious faith ever did so teach. Religions which
we pronounce false teach honesty. It is not enough
to teach honesty and truth : it must bring it forth ;
it must be the fruit of the teaching. If the tree
does not bring forth such fruit, the tree must be
faulty. We need not reformation ; we need a revolution.
The “ depths ” must be “ stirred.” Reputations
are being wrecked, and are falling before investigation
as grass before the mower. What public official
is honest ? What officer laden with a trust can be
trusted to bear it ? These are the painful inquiries.
The minor magistracy of the city in which I live,
unlearned in the law, unfit to give intelligent judgment,
is a shame to the administration of justice.
As a practising lawyer, I abhor their courts, where
I feel no confidence that reason or law will guide
their proceedings or judgments ; where a trial can

be compared only to a bar-room brawl. In most of them there is an utter lack of dignity and decorum. The existence of the whole body is a public calamity. They have their favorites among a certain class of lawyers. I have seen in magistrates' offices a prostitution of their petty power so bold that none but the most hardened men could be capable of. Many of them are equally destitute of shame, decency, and law. I have seen a magistrate force a counsel upon an unwilling suitor. I have heard a magistrate say, "Officer, go for Mr. —," and the court waited for the counsel, and yet the suitor had not asked for him and did not know him. I have seen a magistrate treat plain-settled rules of law which protect the rights of the suitor with the utmost contempt, and give judgment where the cause had been withdrawn. This in violation of the law as laid down by the Supreme Court of the State, and the people are dumb under it. The man who has the courage to impeach one of these officials would perform a public service. As the hidden misery of the fear of the certain detection breaks upon the community they are surprised they did not sink under; that it could be borne; that it did not crush. Now they would have mountains to fall upon them. The dark walls of the dungeon are a refuge, for they shut out the face of man. No new lesson, no new guide can be drawn from this revelation of man's perfidy. It is all old. It is a weary repetition. The other night I heard a sweet song, and I thought of nearly for-

gotten loves, of the days of my youth ; and the dead came out of the graves of memory. And in that sweet dream how rude and coarse all this contention about earth-dug gold seemed. For a time I was in a purer air, the air which surrounds the head of young love. What is all this controversy about? Why do men grow hot and cold? For what do their hearts sink within them? How poor it is! One hour of youthful love is worth all the miserable remnants of the years of age's avarice. I cannot call up these gentle dreams, these beauteous recollections : they sweep over me. The old school-house in the dreams not of the day but of the night, how often it appears to me ! Neither by day nor by night do I dream of what is passing on around me. The incidents of the day take but little hold upon me. The faces I meet and pass I cannot remember ; they float away. It is backward, ever backward. No doubt to me now that same school-house would look cheap and ordinary, the scholars would be forgotten in an hour. Yet can I now recall almost every face and repeat over their names, and I would travel many miles to see those same childish and youthful faces. But, alas, if they live, youth has passed from them. They would interest me no longer. Years have stolen youth and interest. Without memory how sterile would years be ! It is recollection which waters the arid plains of life. These waters sometimes wipe the dust of years for the moment from our eyes.

Truth cannot be harmed; that which is true in any faith cannot be injured by the falsity of its professors. The truth stands though the creed falls, though the door of its worshipper's house should close, and its ministers be silent. He only "bears his punishment like a man" who has acted like a man and is free from crime. If he is guilty, he bears it like a criminal, no matter how insensible he may be. It is a degradation of the name of man to put in the place of criminal. By his acts he has lost his name. Another has been given to him.

POVERTY.

BEHIND that form of selfishness which we call dishonesty is the dread, the hatred of poverty. Poverty, the ugly, that which no philosophy can make beautiful, no faith make acceptable. Its mark is unmistakable. It will not be hid. The home shows it, the face betrays it, and the dress cannot disguise it. Its praise is falsehood, its songs deception. No man loves it if he is sane. If he says he does he is deceived or deceives. When he voluntarily embraces it reason is dethroned and emotion is master. Yet the most of men always have been and always will be poor. Ill-paid toil is the burden of most of the children of men. Seeing its hideousness men become thieves; to flee from it they run into crime. Hidden dishonesty they deem better than open poverty. They see the apparent good of riches, and they would get riches to share it. Most men who have acquired great wealth have taken the chances of the exposure of crooked methods. Some succeed, others are caught; that is the only difference. There is no remedy. It is vain to say that honest poverty has peace, that stolen wealth has none. It has the peace of callousness when the danger of discovery

has passed away; when the gains are sufficient to lull or crush suspicion, or to buy its silence. The difference between the honest and the dishonest man is much a difference of appetite. One wants, the other does not. The one is parched for luxury, the other has but little taste for it. Liquor does not tempt all men; gold does not tempt all men. But he must be strong who can calmly contemplate the show of wealth and the meagreness of poverty.

Peculation makes a name common property, and loses for it all sacredness. It is the text of the sermon, the point of the moral lesson, the subject of wit and scoff. The world to the bearer of that name is at an end. These are the thoughts which check those whom a sense of right would not restrain. Men are born honest; men are born dishonest. It is in the blood, which they are. Teaching will neither make a man one or the other. It will not create a thief; it will not restrain him. All we can do with him is to cut him off from the habitations of men. Punishment shows how limited is the power of men,—we can feed, and clothe, and house him at public expense. The public cannot balance accounts with him. We have only his body,—and of what worth is that? Few of them can earn the food it takes to feed them. As they are born dishonest, they care not for man's reproaches, which but beat the rock of indifference. One man cannot punish the wrong of another man. The wrong is done; its record is written; it cannot be erased. The

dead cannot be brought to life ; and the death of the guilty is no compensation for the life of the innocent.

A man walking the highways of life without money is a cripple without crutches, a combatant without arms. With brain and muscle he is helpless. The pygmy with money commands, where the giant lacking gold is treated with scorn. When such is the power of money, can we wonder that men steal it ? Since men began to write they have praised honesty, and the reader has practised dishonesty. All cheating is but theft. The seller who lies as to his goods is a thief. What is the remedy ? There is none. When men no longer are hungry or thirsty, when they no longer feel winter's blast, then will they be honest. There is not plenty for all. There is scant measure for most men. If they are weak they submit, but unwillingly, to the scant measure. Who would go into the mine, who would be a prisoner on the sea, if want did not drive him ? We do not belong here ; we have no business here. Perhaps we belong nowhere. Men in all ages have looked for another life, for a better world. They have seen it in different lights, and hoped for far different worlds, but all better than this.

He has stolen a few pieces of paper, some metal, and he is accursed. It is true that represents what men desire. Still it is but a representative. We must patch up the effect of dishonesty, we cannot prevent it. Has one man the right to keep that which he does not need, and for lack of which an-

other man perishes? Can he lock up the corn to rot, while the multitude starve? Only by virtue of man's law; he cannot do it under nature's law. The main purpose of man's law is to keep other men's hands out of our pockets. Our right to keep would be more sacred if we had created or produced the property we grasp. Each man's portion would be small if he had but his own productions or their equivalent. It is his cunning which gets possession of mine. Who cares for humble piety? Where is it regarded? Not in the temple. And would it be humble but for poverty? When I see poor men the leaders in the churches, then will I believe that poverty has some respect on earth. When I see the bishop as he makes his ecclesiastical tour seek the poor man's house as his home, then will I believe that he "who had not where to lay his head" has some followers on earth. What creates dishonesty? The universal worship of wealth, the universal contempt of poverty. There is no exception. The respect for honest poverty, no matter where it is taught, it is but dishonest prating. Men eat dry bread because they cannot, or by reason of a weak digestion dare not, eat anything else. Of course I have not considered the insane fanatic. This, says my critical reader, is not in harmony with much that you have written. Rightly understood it is. It is simply another view of man as he is, not as theorists describe him.

It is the evident purpose of the power which

governs in the destiny of men that all fates shall be even. The sting of the golden serpent which is felt by those around whom he coils his longed-for embrace, the melancholy and poverty of the men of genius, show the evenness of destiny. The busy man is exhausting his vitality for slender compensation, food, and shelter. Which is the more fortunate, the man of care and profits, or the man without care and thin purse? A few years of exhausting toil, followed by paralysis; or gentler toil, with less fortune. I have seen the toil-worn lawyer scarce reach middle life, break in health, and die, and I have queried,—to what end? It seems he was a watch wound up; he must go or be broken. Incessant toil had become the habit of his life. “It is the end which sanctifies.” If his purpose was gain, it was an unworthy life.

The same road leads to shame that leads to wealth. One man stumbles, the other does not. This determines where the journey shall end. One custodian of the money of others who uses it as his own is fortunate and can replace it; the other is unfortunate and is discovered. One sleeps within a prison’s walls, the other is a free and counted a prosperous man. The same methods brought these different endings. Is this the evenness of destiny of which you have just written? asks the reader. To my short sight it does not appear so. Yet when I see the harmony of nature’s movements I cannot but think there is harmony here could we but see it. The successful man, as we call him, has for that

success given his life; and when attained, his life is exhausted, a "broken pitcher" at the fountain of fortune. Who knows of the weary days and sleepless nights of the uncaught, respected thief? Men who reach the prison-cell through crime have found their true home.

DON'T WEAR OUT THE FACE.

DON'T wear out the face in trying to make it more attractive. The lines of the smile will become the sour, hard lines of pain as the years bear the burden of the counterfeit, or even of the genuine but weary manifestation of amiability. It is the flash of the sudden, unexpected parting of the lips and the display of the beautiful teeth of the animated life which is a delight to behold, not the grin of the skeleton. The player on the stage keeps smooth his face that he may paint on it the characters of the others, and in this he often loses the identity of his own. Why are most faces of men and women who have passed youth so painfully unattractive? Why do they give you discomfort to look at them? Is it because time's lines are hard, selfish, and cruel? We put in the hands of time the brush with which he paints our faces; and the character of the lines he draws is ours, not his. It is we who put suspicion in the eye and cruelty about the mouth. I turn away from most old faces, from most faces of middle age. I see there no impress of goodness, no sweetness left. I sometimes think it is only the child's face upon which I can look with pleasure. Yet I be-

lieve the heart is often better than the face. If it was not, we could not dwell together. Sorrow hardens the face as well as selfishness, and that we cannot keep away. But sorrow comes mostly from fault or folly. We must not look at each other through microscopes. We cannot endure such a test. There are few, perhaps none, who are not beautiful to some one. There is some one who does not see the bed of the river marked upon the face over which the waters of self have flowed.

The smoothness of innocence is more attractive than the lines of experience. Experience brings with wisdom, repulsion. No woman is made more lovely by experience. Time's waters wear unpleasing channels, from whatever fountain they may flow.

Envy is at the bottom of the loud clamor against marriage between persons of "unsuitable ages." No one is troubled because a man's clothes do not fit him, because his shoes pinch his feet. If he makes a bad bargain and loses his property, the world does not grieve over it. Then why should the community agonize over an ill-fitting marriage, or worry because happiness has been sunk in it? Malignant envy can answer the question. The young girl perhaps is pitied. Do these lovers of their kind pity her in her badly-paid toil, in her privations, in her scantily-furnished home, in her meagre food, in her thin garments, in her sorrows? No. But if she exchange these for a comfortable home with a man of "unsuitable age," every envious old woman, every badly-

mated old man is shocked, and their hearts are full of pity for the "poor girl." Most of apparent goodness has a mean and selfish groundwork. "She only marries him for his money." For what would the older woman marry him? For love? That is mockery. She wants just what the young girl wants, a home. A green orange may ripen and have sweetness beneath its rind; but the rind of a squeezed one will yield nothing but bitterness.

CRIME NOT AN INCIDENT OF LIFE.

MISFORTUNE is an incident of life, it comes unbidden. Crime is not an incident of life, it comes not unbidden. Let no man carry his crime to the door of misfortune, and lay it there. That is not its home. Let him keep it on his back,—there's where it belongs. In the community in which I live there is a present demand for honesty. The man who only knows enough to do his duty and be honest, is not looked upon as such a fool as prosperous thieves have been thinking him to be. It is beginning to dawn upon the minds of men that there is wisdom, if there is not riches, in integrity. It took an earthquake of roguery to cast this thought up. Men see that dishonesty is destruction ; that the thief undermines society.

Honesty cannot be created by corporations. They are but the aggregations of individuals. Combinations will bring neither wisdom nor integrity if the individuals who form them possess neither. Multiply ignorance by ignorance, and it is ignorance still. Add venality to roguery, and the result is a thief with many hands.

It is a difficult matter to bury a thief who has

partisan power. The people cover him with obloquy ; but he is soon seen, while his grave-clothes yet hang on him, and the mud of his tomb still sticks to them. He knows no moral death. He perceives not that the odor of the buried is around him, and that his touch is deadly.

THE RICH AND THE POOR CANNOT KEEP STEP.

THE rich and the poor cannot dwell together; they cannot walk together; they cannot keep step with each other. The poor must fall behind. The poor man who is wise, and the rich man who does not wish to mortify, do not seek the joining of hands or habitations. The recognition of this truth would save much mortification. Officials would live within their incomes with respect, and not exceed them to their shame. Their consideration does not depend upon the vain show of their wealth.

SOME ESTIMATES OF CHARACTER.

THE man whom they imitate has but his money to give him consideration. They have their office, their public duties, and the esteem these bring to give them consideration. Then what folly to lose that consideration in debt, borrowing, and the slavery they bring. No man can obtain true or solid consideration by the fruits of borrowing, or in a show which his income will not support. It will in the end bring only mortification and shame. Public dishonor follows close upon the heels of such vanity.

When the respected man is found out in his crime, which is generally the *crimen falsi*, the calmness with which he bears the loss of his good name is a matter of wonder. It need not astonish us; the man is a born criminal, and when within prison walls he feels that he has found his home,—the home to which his whole life has been spent in the journey. Had a prison not been his home, he would not be there by a just conviction. If injustice puts him there, then he is an alien and not a citizen by birth of the land of the criminal. The man who yields to temptation has the seeds of crime within him. They never can be planted from without. For years he

has inhabited this dwelling in his imagination. The walls of his chamber he has seen turn to prison walls. In the sighing of the wind he has heard the creaks of the jailer's key. Affrighted, yet pushing on to his home.

People who live much alone, and who hug close their sorrows, are pained at the apparent and often real indifference of the world, and are offended when they do not meet with sympathy. It is weakness to crave sympathy; for sympathy seldom goes abroad without her sister of the whole blood,—contempt. Those who accept the arm of the one must expect to find the other ready to offer her company. I suppose there are natures who love a clinging humanity. I do not. Dependence and tears are nauseating to me. Melting turns snow to water and human beings to contempt. Better remain ice than soften by melting. Melting humanity, tearful humanity, do but little good. I have known persons all my life whom I have never met but they had a whine in their mouth. If I have a spark of kindness in me they smother it. I feel no pity for their oft-told woes. They are ice-makers of the human heart.

He wears a mask, but it is a kindly mask. If the hand is as kind as the mask, shall we tear off the mask? It may be worn, not to deceive, but to hide a bleeding heart, to hide a pained self. I suppose most masks smile upon you. A terrifying mask would be useless. Masks are to win, not to repel. They may hide a restless, unhappy soul. The rest-

less soul, uncertain of itself, reaching it knows not whither, craving it knows not what, it does well to hide behind a mask. Calmness, not joy; serenity, not pleasure: these are to be sought for. They may be found; the others cannot be.

I read a memoir of a man for whom I had considerable admiration, written by his friend and intimate. The writer's intention was to praise. He painted a face from which I turned away. The memoir destroyed my respect for the subject of it. I saw I had been mistaken in my estimate of the man. I thought him a lofty soul. I found he was arrogant and inflated with self-admiration; that he assumed a superiority that neither his talents nor his services justified. Genius he had none; of the creative faculty he was barren. His record was written on the air. He strutted as a god, and stooped as the weakest of mortals. He was a "statesman" without a public measure to prove him such. He could pour invective upon men greater and nobler than himself with an assumption of elegance. Coarseness can be detected beneath the tawdry cloak. Few biographies that do not lessen the subjects of them. In a man's works we see the greater man; in the minutiae of his life the lesser man. The most beautiful skin becomes rugged and repulsive beneath the microscope. So does the reputation lose beneath the pen of a truth-telling biographer; and it is destroyed by a lying one. We cannot by pen or speech, by granite, marble, or iron, build a reputation for a man. It must be self-built.

The old man may point to his record and say, That I have done. The young man says, That will I do. The one is a castle of stone, the other a "castle of air." One of the striking traits of the villain of the modern novel and drama is his undying love. Not only does he commit every crime for the possession of the woman he loves, not only does he pursue her through swamps and jungles, but he is willing to take her at second-hand after her youth has faded in the love of another. He is willing to take the stem from which the leaves have been plucked. It would seem as though such love, though misguided, was worthy of a better ornament than the hand-cuffs which embellish his exit. The good man has fresh young love to support him. His wicked rival is willing to eat husks, but cannot get them.

It is better to laugh at folly than to scorn it; to see how ludicrous pretension is than to hate and condemn it. It is a sad business to be stripping off feathers. The bird with its feathers on is more beautiful. The butterfly fluttering in the sun is more lovely than the owl hooting in the ivy. Hooting pleases not, neither does it mend. Perchance if you would mend you would break. We must have folly to set wisdom off. If all were wise we would not know wisdom. It is only by its contrast with folly that we know wisdom exists.

Said a friend to me, "He has a self-poise that indicates strength." He meant that he did not lean on others. The man of "self-poise" will never be

broken by the death of others. But a community of self-poised men could not exist. They would repel each other. They avoid or collide. Neither friendship nor love exists among equals. For either there must be dependence. One bends. For love one looks down. He that loves looks upward. Eyes meeting on a level line are more likely to flash with hate than melt with love.

It is easy to misunderstand men whose methods of life, whose surroundings, whose early circumstances differ from our own. To require them to come up to our standards may be immeasurably harsh.

Is a man justified in trying to take from the world its delusions? Do not these delusions help to make life more endurable? Must not truth be clothed? Can we endure her if she is not? The world has thought we could not; that we were not strong enough. Social life is mostly based on fiction. This age is insisting on absolute truth, and much "dogma" is crumbling. Mankind are growing up, they are ceasing to be children, and are brushing aside stories which can only be told to children. The burden of this book is that truth is always better. She will enter the inner chambers of our thought. She will force herself there; and it is better that we should invite her than have her an unbidden guest. A man is poorly engaged who is striving to force upon us fictions for our benefit.

I read the other day, written by some clown of fortune, "that a man had no right to be handsome."

This is hard upon woman,—that she must always gaze upon and ever love ugliness. The very man who made the statement I have quoted, plans his beard as though he was making a fortification, or daily and painfully cuts off nature's protecting growth, or in some way strives to hide nature's scant recognition. Is man to be the only ugly animal in creation? The greater part of the rest of the animal kingdom is beautiful. Must he take his place by the side of his caricature,—the baboon? He is not to steal woman's beauty, but to have a beauty of his own. Most intellectual men have been handsome men; the casket and the jewel within have agreed. The world will never accept an apotheosis of ugliness. Man is more than a drudge.

Nothing more surely shows a slavish spirit than the American worship of the tinsel of Europe,—that worship which refuses to see the poverty and misery of the very class from which perchance the ancestors of these sycophants sprung. A form of government is to be judged by the condition of the whole people, and not by the supposed virtues of a privileged class. How we try to get above our fellows! The driver of a police van rings a bell that honesty may make way for his ruffian load. Based upon the law, he assumes this superiority.

A streak of coarseness in a writing, how much beauty will it overshadow! A sentence will mar our ideal of an author. We see something which we did not suppose could exist. One coarse description

which I found in a poem of a deeply religious and usually refined poet has made such an unpleasant impression upon my mind that I cannot think of him as I did. I feel that he should not have observed that which he so minutely describes. Somehow unpleasant impressions will fasten upon the mind, and the effort of reason to drive them out only rivets them in the memory. It takes much good to cover a little evil; but a little evil will hide much good. This is especially true in matters of taste. I am sorry I found it. Deeply religious characters have for me great fascination. Belief is more interesting than unbelief. Unbelief in its nature is apt to be coarse; while the true devotional feeling is refined. Worship brings softness, though it may not bring strength.

It is not the wrinkles, it is not the gray hair, it is not the faded cheeks or the dimmed eyes which make the face of age unpleasant. It is the hardened look, the furrows ploughed by bitter thoughts, the marks of the storms which have swept over it. It is these which make it hateful to look upon. We turn away, not from age, but from the soured life written on its face, from the passion-swept face. Many old faces I cannot bear to look upon. I see the impress of the conflict of selfishness. Selfishness may have triumphed; but the triumph cannot wash out its stains. A gentle spirit alone leaves an old age which is endurable to look upon. The life may have been too hard, even for the gentle nature, and hardness has conquered.

OUR INTERESTS ARE WITH OUR FELLOW-MAN.

INSTEAD of trying to pry into mysteries which are absolutely hidden from us; instead of seeking to grasp that which our hands cannot hold; instead of despising that which we can know in seeking for that which we cannot know; let us be men and not lose our manhood in striving to be more than men,—to “be as gods.” Our interests are with our fellow-man. We know no other; our duty is to him. We can have no other. We can assist him; we were created for that purpose. The power which moves the universe is beyond our help. If we spent the effort in benefiting man we do in persuading or forcing him to believe as we do upon subjects of which we know nothing, we would increase the sum of his happiness. Let us cease wrestling with the unknowable and labor for the good of the known. The solemn conclave sitting to reveal and point out God’s will to man, and thundering his condemnation upon those who do not accept their revelations, is presumption inconceivable. Does God’s will vary? Can his will be read to suit the change in human thought made by the increase of light,—human light?

Can these men tell us how a blade of grass grows? They cannot explain the most ordinary operation of nature, and yet they can teach us God's will! When God gives us a creed it will be for all time, and all men will know it. He has no "chosen people." His fixed laws will not bring them into existence. Man's self-love, not God's equality, created them. God has no choice; all his creatures are alike before him. All must obey his laws or suffer.

CATCHING THE RAYS.

HE who can be thoroughly imbued with the writings of one man by an absorbing devotion, who reads all that he has written and all that has been written about him, may so imbibe his spirit as to become a part of him. He catches at least a reflection of the inspiration which fell upon the object of his absorption. Thus to a greater or lesser extent he becomes a double man,—the original and the absorbed. Every ray of the spirit of the author which is caught is an illumination. General readers do not make the author a part of themselves. They gain but little weight. It is concentration which gives force. From a native turn of mind we catch the light of some authors; while the writings of others is to us all darkness. In the writings of the most popular of living poets I can hear nothing but the jingle of words. It is my ear which is deaf to their melody; for melody they must have, or so many ears would not have heard it. I have found sweeter verses in the corner of some newspaper—the work of an unknown author—than I could ever find in the ponderous volumes of some “great” poet. It was the tiny flower, it was the single ray,—sweet and

bright. In writings the gems of beauty are small as the diamond. They are never iron mountains. It is the few lines which live forever. Men write volumes for libraries, lines for readers; the one to fill the shelf, the other to fasten in the memory. There is a seeming inconsistency in what I have just written. Yet each thought is true. When we get out of the world of our favored author we say, Now am I with myself, my companion is gone. We feel alone. Thus do I feel at the present moment. I am no longer walking with him, talking with him, as I was a few moments ago, though the "earthly tabernacle" has long since returned to earth. It is the immortal spirit I feel. Not a ghost, but a thought, which was part of him.

A LAWYER PUTTING HIS HONOR IN PLEDGE.

UNDER no circumstance should a lawyer make himself personally liable for his client. He should never undertake for him, promise for him, or make affidavits for him. He should ever be the attorney and advocate, nothing more. If he is more and becomes a party, he is in danger. The cause is that of the client and not that of the lawyer. I never felt more grossly insulted than when a lawyer in the course of a settlement asked me to endorse my client's check. It was his right to refuse the check; but to compel me to decline in the presence of my client was a trick worthy of the man who invented it. I have made it an inflexible rule, from which I have never departed, to remember that I am only the advocate; that my interest is that of the advocate, not the partisan. Overzeal in a client's cause should be guarded against. It may lead to improper practices to gain an end. The lawyer should never be absorbed in the client. No matter how earnest he may be, he should ever remember himself. Lost in his client's cause, no lawyer should be. The strife for victory is apt to cloud the vision. It pleases a client

to show a sympathy with him, and, so there is no falsehood, no giving of manhood to an unworthy client and an unworthy cause, such sympathy may be proper. But when a lawyer stakes his "professional honor," as I have heard it done, that his client is innocent, he has no honor to put in pledge. Some lawyers have nothing but models of right and purity for clients. Self-love washes over and cleanses their clients. The waters must be pretty copious to cleanse some of them. Many codes of legal ethics have been written, but generally by "carpet knights," not by those who have fought in the fray. Said a friend to me, "He is a lawyer who looks upon a client as something to build law points upon." The true lawyer recognizes his client as a man, one whose interests he is to guard, and not a name with which to settle the law, or upon which to display his learning. He is not a pedestal upon which the lawyer is to exhibit himself. Nor is the cause intrusted to the lawyer that he may gain newspaper notoriety by it. The client's interest and the sacredness of the lawyer's self are the just combination.

Another practice cannot be too strongly condemned, that of talking to a judge out of court of the cause before him. I once heard a judge say to a lawyer who insisted upon arguing a cause which had been decided, "I listened to your argument, *and I listened to you upon the streets*, I will hear no more." It was a just reproof. No doubt every judge is annoyed by such practices, and thinks less of the law-

yer who is guilty of them. But courtesy leads him to listen against his inclination. It does not influence his judgment; but that is not to the credit of the lawyer. His purpose was to bias the judge. Before the bar of the court is where the advocate should be heard; or, if in chambers, in the presence of the opposing counsel. No whispering, no insidious statements poured in the ear of the judge in private find place in the practice of the honorable lawyer. I will not say every man guilty of these whisperings deliberately means to be dishonorable. No doubt it is often from a want of thought, or from a lack of that high sense of honor which can never be taught, which nature must give.

A LEAF OR MORE.

WE recognize the folly of fighting the past. We recognize that the grave covers the authors of the wrong; that we cannot strike the dead; that their dust has no ears to hear our reproach; that we but tear our own hearts with the treasured recollections of the injuries of the years that are gone, yet time will not put out the fire; prudence, policy may hide it, but the wrong was never avenged and will yet burn and break out. Self-communing fans it to flame. When memory comes to the front and overshadows the present, the past stalks out a giant driving back the present and filling the heart with bitterness; wrongs cannot be avenged, they remain. If repentance could blot them out, then repentance would be an advantage. When we can forget, then may we forgive. We may cant of forgiveness, but till it can remove the scar, it is useless.

A man fond of dress is a selfish man. Such men have no money for poverty. The love of dress becomes as hungry as avarice. Dress is thought to be sufficient to hide mental deficiency and deformity, as well as the unshapely body. I imagine the man who lives to dress makes an indifferent husband and

a neglectful father. It is by no means the handsome men who are so fond of dress; just as the really attractive man boasts least of his conquests of the female heart. It is handed down to us that some ugly self-admirer said that all he wanted was a half-hour's start of the most personally attractive man in the kingdom to beat in the race of love. And that boast has come to us through more than one hundred years; but we have never heard what the women of the time had to say as to the assertions of this braggart. I do not believe him. Some men will get the cordial of flattery out of very dry leaves. Their own vanity distils it. It is the first inquiry of a young girl as to a man, "Is he nice-looking?" I use the very expression of the inquirers. Where self-admiration is needed to make up the lack of the admiration of others I suppose nature gives it. She fills that space which would otherwise be vacant. I have seen the man without talents, or wealth, or education, or comeliness bursting with self-admiration. Yet that inflation keeps him afloat. The opinion of others would sink him.

One of the greatest hinderances in the business of life comes from a want of candor. In the business of to-day I was impressed with the truth of this assertion. I saw something was wrong, that a wound had been given. I sought to learn how it had been made. I only saw the cause by glimmers. I want a man to speak out. I abhor politic speech, and I doubt if speech is ever politic. There is nothing

politic but truth. Deception serves no man. Courage is the best counsellor, as fear is the worst. Deception returns; truth goes on. What is one man that any other man should fear him? We may fear evil, and the result of evil doing, but no man. If we have wronged him, then may we fear him.

Ah, says the poor man, it is easy to be bold with the pen, but my employer can deprive me of bread: hungry children make me timid. If I speak out, I have no wages the next week. Can epigrams withstand hunger? Perhaps the writer has no need to hide his feelings or opinions. Ideal equality cannot exist. If we try to dig deep we find rock; if we raise our arms upward our feet cling to the earth. Arrogant men point me a way, but it is dark. Their tiny candles do not light it. They dispute as to who shall carry the lantern. The first blast from the grave blows out the light. Be content, the power which moves the universe has laws for you. You may not know them; it may not be needful that you should.

To record valuable thought the writer must have freedom. He must serve no master, or his work will be that of a slave. He must be bound by no creed, else he writes in bonds. If he fears, he lacks purpose; if he obey authority, he smothers originality.

He who would say a mean thing never wants for invention to coin it. He who would detract can always find flaws. He who would see defects can always find a crack to peep through. He who would magnify faults can always get a glass to increase them.

He who would be just, must labor and conquer, while malice, envy, and slander are ever close at hand. He who would be happy must close his ears; he who would be miserable will seek applause.

Weakness is not refinement, and strength is not coarseness, as the weak often assume. Delicacy is more likely to be associated with strength than with weakness. Because a man steadily works and does not fret, because he bears life's ills and does not complain, these whining creatures assume that he does not feel; that they have a monopoly of feeling because they monopolize the complaints. I know of no more offensive human beings, male and female, than those whose refinement comes from weakness and selfishness. They are shocked in public, to indulge in private. Their refinement leads them to watch others and try them by their petty and narrow opinions. The strong hand of labor is gentler than the puny fingers of lazy self-indulgence. Nothing takes the creases out of a man's mind as does toil. No man can avoid man's destiny; it is work or misery. Idleness is not the nursery of refinement. Self-indulgence is not its parent, and it is not related to weakness of character. Be strong of mind and body, if you would be truly gentle. Think not because you are puny of character that you have finer instincts, a more delicate touch by reason of it. The tints of the hill-side flower are soft as those of the hot-house plant, and perchance it is more beautiful. I have noticed in the faces of those who claim to be the most refined

a hardness that is painful. I never saw a girl with a sweet and lovely face disturb a theatre audience with her chatter. The women who do this have hard and ugly faces, as though they hated the world and wished to torment it. They are angry that the world does not admire them, and are determined it shall notice them, even if it be to despise them.

It is a hard task, finding content in idleness.

Self-admiration spreads her wings over us and kindly shuts from our sight our defects and blemishes. The dark shadow of these wings prevents us from seeing that which would mortify us. Could the sun of truth pour its full blaze upon us, perchance we could not endure ourselves. The more we need these sheltering wings the wider are they spread.

Solitude and self-respect. One of a throng, and littleness. Singing praises to man dwarfs the singer. In a crowd identity is lost. The soldier dies unknown. It appealed to the heart of man to be told, "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

The man who will not submit to wrong or injury is the reformer of the world. It is the aggressive man who moves it. Forbearance except to the weak is not a virtue.

A day is not lost if in it we have not done or said a foolish thing. It is absurd cant that every waking hour must produce utility. A day without wrong or folly is a great gain. Man has been oppressed by maxims beyond him, and advice out of his power. Worrying brings ill-health and wrinkles, no other

fruit. Yet it is the most persistently followed of human occupations, and fretting people fret because of those who refuse to fret. Better sleep.

Unhappy is the man whose support or whose content depends upon the breath of popular applause. If it leaves him, he can as well coax the wind to blow upon him in a mid-summer's noon, or ask the ice to thaw in his frozen hands, as bid it come back. Popularity never returns. As when the breath of life leaves, there is death. Better never have it than mourn its loss. Better never be a "statesman" than end a wandering lecturer, twin brother of the wandering minstrel, or the discarded vagabond. If it is but a fitful gust which blows over the head of youth, the man may forget it, or condemn it; but if it leaves him when years have come it leaves him a wreck; the forgotten idol, melancholy in his loneliness. When he sees his pedestal crumbling, he looks for the helping hand to assist him in repairing it, but it stretches not out. Seek inward applause that will not desert save for just cause.

The sword of revenge has no handle, and he who takes it up grasps its edge and sees first his own blood.

What leaves have we gathered? Are any of them green, or are they all withered and dead?

Lives are smooth or rough, as their wants are few or many. It is the multiplicity of wants which makes life hard. If the secret of the life of the serene, calm man was known, it would be found that it was not

good fortune which gave him peace, because of that he had no more than the majority of men and less than that of many discontents : it was in the fewness of his wants. It was not a yielding to the inevitable because he despaired of more of fortune's gifts : it was because of his value of them. He had no need of them. He knew their possession would make him no happier. Discontent comes from a wrong estimate of life and not from the want of its luggage. The traveller who carries superfluous baggage but burdens himself ; so does life's traveller. I have contended against the slavery of fear, and protested against domination of men by an appeal to terror. I have written in scorn of fears brought into existence and kept alive by craft. I have said that every man is not a saint who wears a cowl, and that all gifts are not charity. I have asserted that men should not be afraid to be happy ; and that every man can be a better man in sunshine than in fog. I insist upon open doors, and upon light in the caverns of darkness, and that we are not called upon to believe that which we cannot understand. That it is falsehood, not truth, which must hide itself in mystery. The Druids sought the gloom of the forest, and so has every other ghostly tyranny and cunning impostor. I have said that independence of thought and honesty of purpose are in the man, not in his fortune ; that a man need not be rich to be free ; that wealth has its slaves as well as poverty. I have said that my experience has taught me that men's professions are no

evidence of their characters. To the utmost of my ability I have tried to elevate the individual man, and have paid but little attention to sects or parties. If I have agreed with the faith or principles of any combination of men, it has been by accident, not by design. I am joined with none.

As years pass the spirit shakes off the slavery of fear and we dare to speak the truth. We heed no bigot's frown, no petty tyrant's threat, we have learned the impotency of both. Earth has ceased to make promises, or they have ceased to be of value. We do not belong to the army of singers of men's praises. We care not for their banquets or their dedications. And we would not be welcome at either, for we bring no laudations. There are men singers and women singers to be hired. Not those who sing the divine melodies, but those who sing the songs of flattery. The "orator" has taken the place of the ancient jester, and he wears as motley a cap as did his predecessor.

We have not kept a profit and loss account with truth, or valued her to see whether her patronage is profitable. I respect neither the worthless dust of the past nor the arrogance of the present. We see bigotry most plainly when it strikes our bigotry, as the proud man soonest discerns pride.

Consistency may come from narrowness, and thought may not jar with thought, because of the fewness of their number. It is poverty of thought oftener than wealth of reflection which produces consistency. The single coin of the beggar's wallet has

no fellow to make discord with. It is the many pieces of the rich man's purse which jingle. Truth can have but one face. Yet in the mirrors of life we think we see many, and often we cannot tell which is the true face and which the counterfeit.

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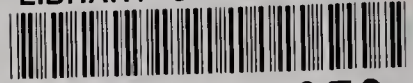
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